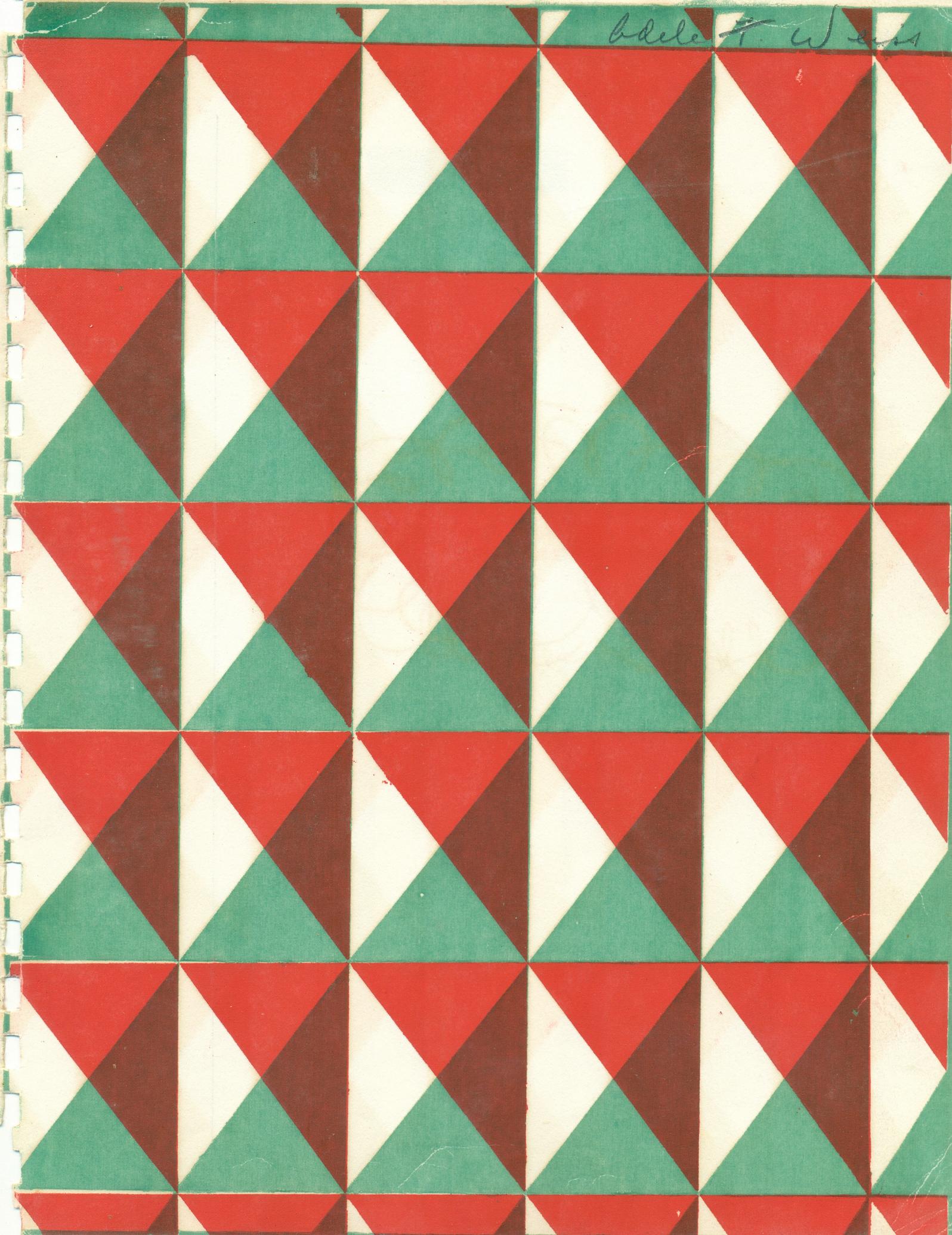


Adelbert Weiss



SHOPS

FARM

THE ARTS

LIFE IN CAMP

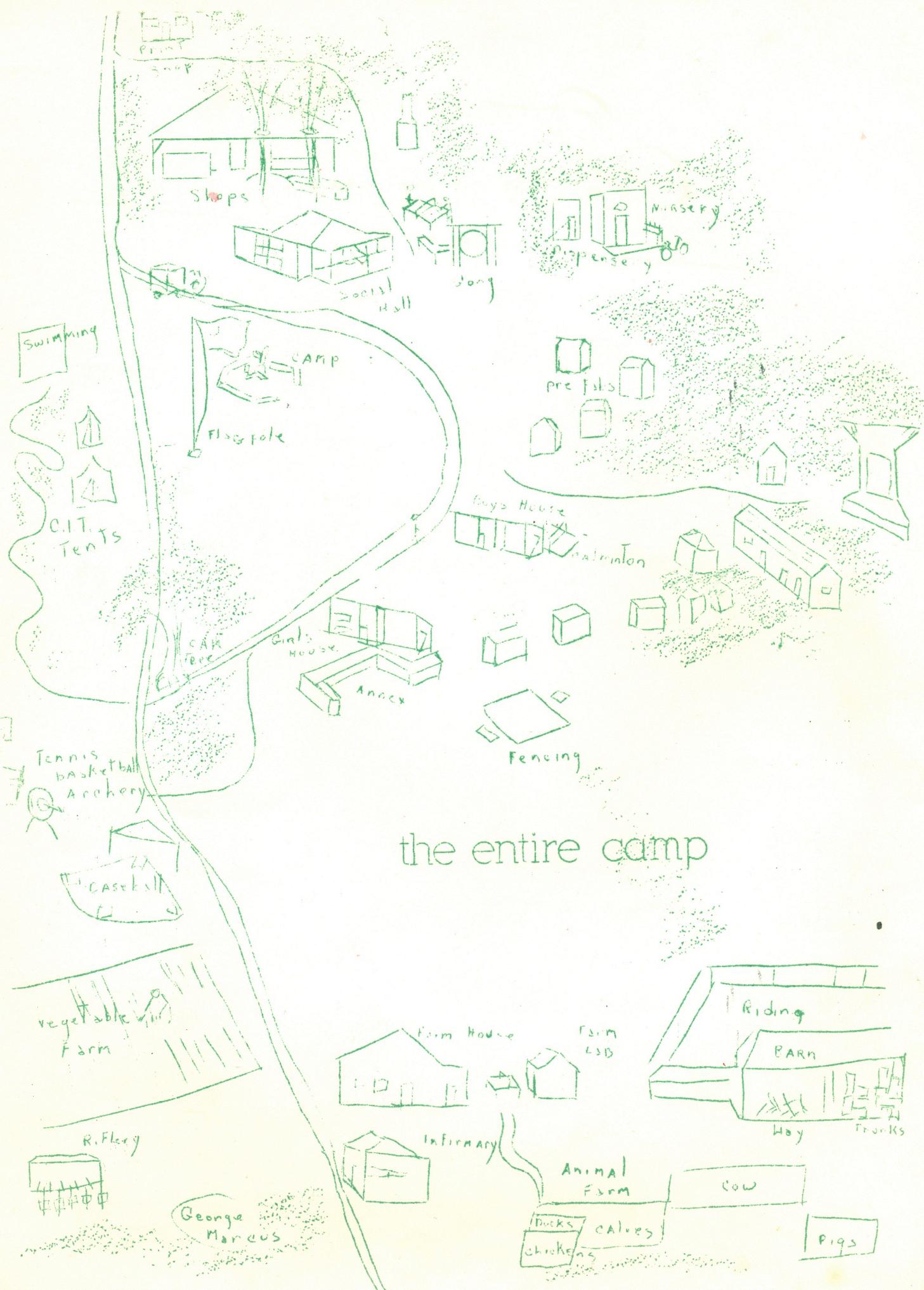
SPORTS

PEOPLE

PUBLISHED BY THE CAMPERS
OF BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

BUCK'S ROCK

.....AS YOU LIKE IT



arts

Map: Arts area

Introduction

Drama

Photograph

Dance

Evening Activities

Tanglewood

Photograph

Folksinging

Orchestra & Chorus

Photograph

Arms and the Man

Puppets

Psychology Class

Journalism Class

Typing Class

Creative Writing

"ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN--"

"FOOT IT FEATLY HERE AND THERE"

"THE NIGHTS ARE WHOLESOME--"

"THOSE MUSICIANS THAT SHALL PLAY--"

"I LOVE A BALLAD"

"IF MUSIC BE A FOOD OF LOVE--"

ARMS AND ME

"O, WHO CAN HOLD IN HIS HAND"

"FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF THE EFFECT"

"IT IS A CHRONICLE OF DAY BY DAY"

"LEARNED AND CONN'D BY ROTE"

THE DOOR

MEMORIES

THE COUNTRY

FIRST LOVE

FEAR

TANGLEWOOD

THE CLOUD

MY PLACE OF SECRETS

THE ACCORDIANIST

CHALLENGE

THE FOURTH YEAR

"HE SHALL HAVE A NOBLE MEMORY"

TIME

Arthur Lindo
Nancy Spelman
Dave Jasen
Fred Simon
Wendy-Jean Hetkin
Jane Himber
George Marcus

Mary Sussman
Carol Levy
Judy Locker
Emmy Perl
Seth Goldstein
Ben Apfelbaum
Mike Goodman
Jane Lashins
Marcia Cohen
Stu Duboff
Kay Riback
Nancy Spelman

Fran Singer
Kay Riback
Lois Engelson
Margie Weil
Judy Locker
Joan Kinzer
Sue Larsen
Helen Moses
Sue Leshowitz
Wendy-Jean Hetkin
Margie Rose
Richard Levy
Jim Lehrich
Lucy Silvay
Patti Weinstein

sports

Map: Sports area

Introduction

Fencing

Riding

Riflery

Archery

Tennis

Overnights

Swimming

Tanglewood Overnight

"IT IS A NAUGHTYNIGHT

TO
SWIM IN"

Chess

Baseball

Photo: Baseball

"WE CAME, SAW, AND OVERCAME"

Ronnie Broude
Mike Goodman
Mike Goodman
Gina Aversa
Hedy Harris
Terry Davidson
Ruth Stone

Dick Israel
Mike Phillips
Anita Goldberg
Laurie Cohen
Robert Friedman
Louis Jagerman
Fred Leopold
Peter Jasen

life in camp

Maps Houses
Introduction

Bailing Water
Rain

Girls Annex

Boys Annex
Cartoons
Farmhouse

Boys House
Girls House

Girls Cabins

Shops
CIT's

people

Introduction

Caricatures

Will

Credits

ADDRESSES

Girls

Boys

CIT's

Counselors and JC's

Kitchen Staff

Errata

Staff

Yearbook Poem

Epilogue

THE LAST TIME
WALKING TO TOWN

"FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY"

LAUNDRY DAY

THE ROAD
"LET THEM HANG THEMSELVES"

"MEN"
"O, WHAT MEN DARE DO!"
"SHE IS NOT YET SO OLD!"

"STRANGE BEDFELLOWS"
"DO YOU NOT KNOW I AM A WOMAN?"

"WOMEN"

"ALL HONORABLE MEN"
"DISPENSE WITH TRIFLES"
"DOST THOU REMEMBER?"

"WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE TIME?"

"MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS"
"MY GOOD WILL IS GREAT--"
"I CAN NO OTHER ANSWER MAKE--"

"I HAVE NO OTHER BUT A WOMAN'S REASON"
"LET HIM PASS FOR A MAN"
"AND EVEN MORE"
"I AM A TRUE LABORER"
"GOOD COUNSELORS LACK NO CLIENTS"
"COME HOME WITH ME TO SUPPER"
"COMEDY OF ERRORS"

Ben Apfelbaum
Margie Rose
Bobbie Ross
Lucy Silvay
Judie Rockmore
Mike Goodman
Lucy Silvay
Patti Weinstein
Linda Berwitz
Nancy Spelman
Emmy Perl
Joan Birne
Ann Kassner
Jane Lashins
Richard Levy
Ben Apfelbaum
Susan Harris
Susan Kohn
Richard Sostis
Sue Berman
Hedy Harris
Judy Locker
Nancy Spelman
Stu Duboff
Margie Rose
Ernst Bulova
Jim Lehrich
Richard Levy
Margie Rose
Merr Schachter

Mike Goodman
Julia Werner
Committee
Sue Larsen

Mike Goodman
Mike Goodman



W

When we express our feelings about Buck's Rock, they usually take the form of poetic words. Our feelings about the place run through deep channels of emotion; we want to speak of them through deep channels of poetry and prose. Those of us who can write, try in our own words to discuss the emotions we feel; those of us who are unable to express what we feel, search for the words of others. We look to Shakespeare, the master of English literature, to speak for us, and in his plays and sonnets we find much that is applicable to life at Buck's Rock.

And so we wander through Shakespeare, finding in humor and sadness, in offhand remark and philosophical thought, what we ourselves feel about the camp. His words describe our shops, our arts program, our individual activities, and our feelings about leaving, as though he himself knew Buck's Rock and its meaning to us.

We have, therefore, chosen Shakespeare as the theme of the 1954 edition of our Yearbook. The little jester, featured so often in the plays of the great bard, is featured here in our Yearbook to bring gaiety to our report of the summer. And so we, who have labored hard and long, through the day and into the night, are happy to give you the Yearbook, with its tone set by Shakespeare and its spirit set by Buck's Rock: Buck's Rock - As You Like It.

".....what is
past is
prologue....."

a message from
Ernie



*A*t the beginning of the summer, I spoke to you of the basic principles on which our work at Buck's Rock has been founded. In the years to come, wherever you are, wherever you go, you will discover that what has been proven good in the summer of 1954, will hold good in 1994, just as it was good in 1824.

I will spell out BUCK'S ROCK to you in the sayings of men and women who have lived long before you. Some of these were artists, some were poets, some were philosophers, but they all shared a concern about mankind and its destiny. They expressed their concern in the hope that others would read it, share it and benefit from it.

BBOSWELL, James (1740-1795)

We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindness there is at last one which makes the heart run over.

UURMY, Clarence (1858-1923)

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

CHAUCER, Geoffrey (1340-1400)

Trouthe is the hyesth thing that men may kepe.

KKEMPIS, Thomas A. (1380-1471)

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be.

SSHAKESPEARE, William (1564-1616)

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

RRILKE, Rainer Maria (1875-1926)

The future enters into us, in order to transform itself in us, long before it happens.

OOSLER, Sir William (1849-1919)

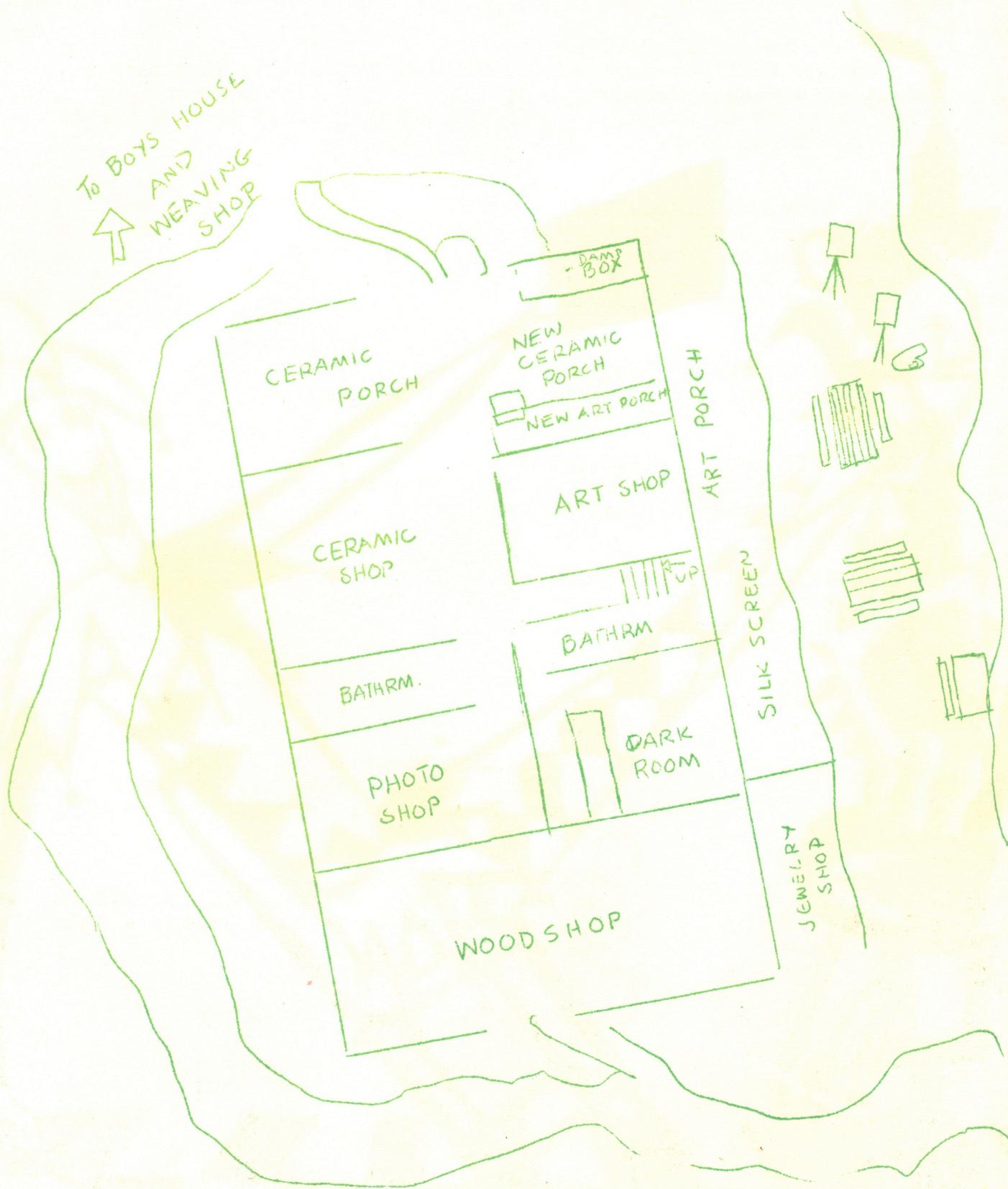
To have striven, to have made an effort, to have been true to certain ideals, this alone is worth the struggle.

CCASE, Lizzie York (1840-1911)

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

KKEATS John (1795-1821)

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.



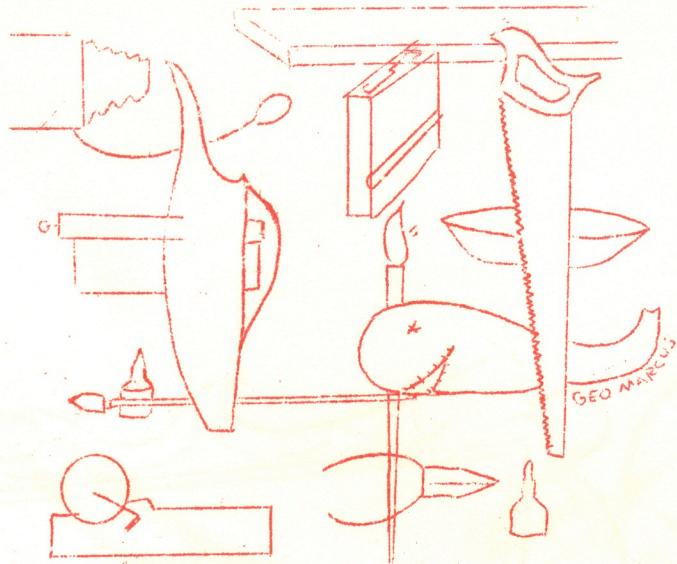
shop area



SHOPS

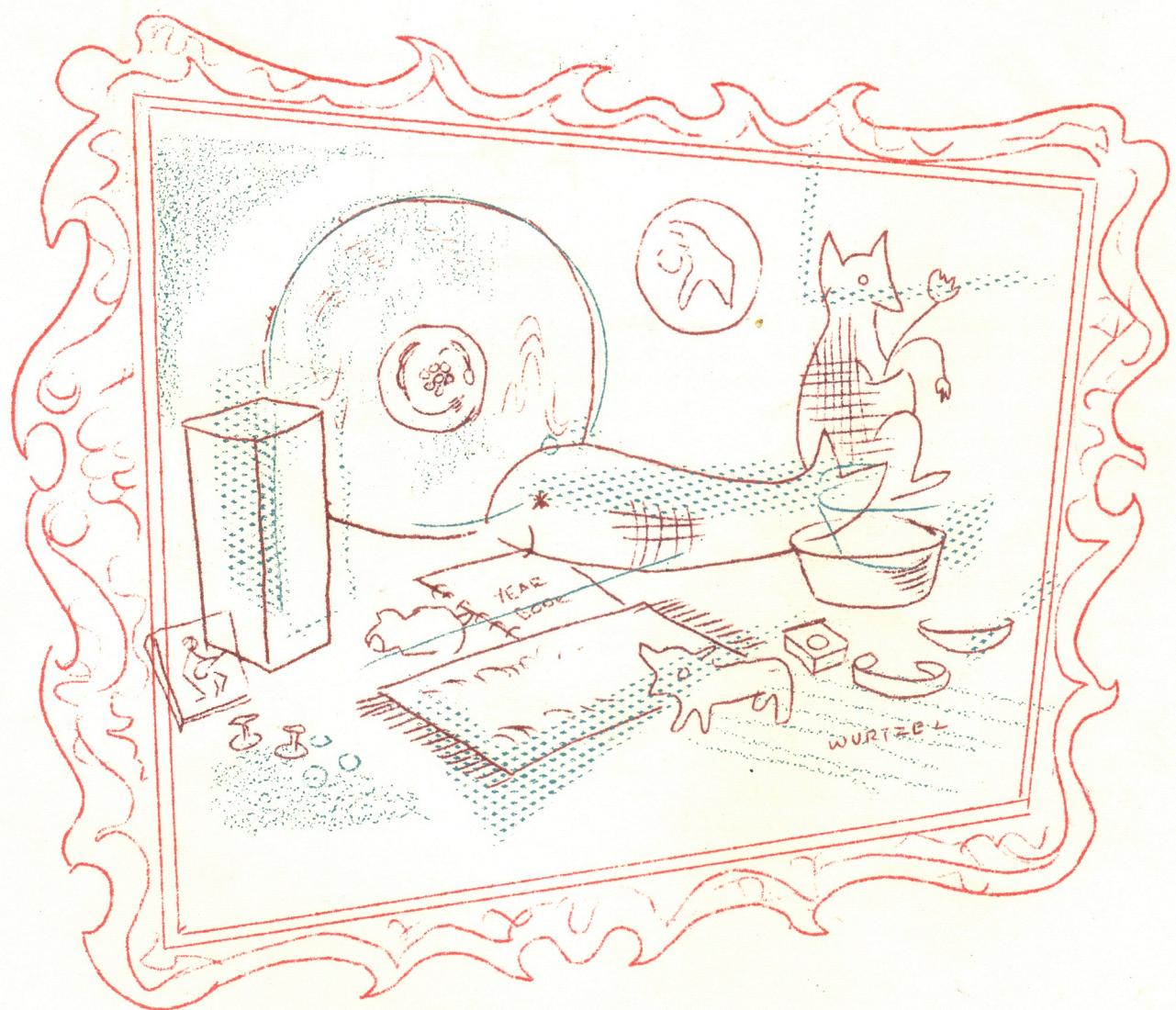
"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

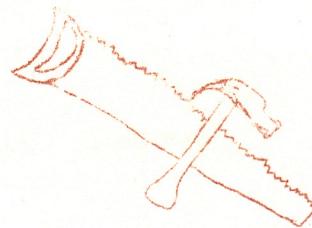
Merchant of Venice IV, 1



A busy hum of machinery in chorus with the rise and fall of happy voices and a constant shuffling of feet can be found in any of the shops operated under the power of the Buck's Rock campers, who each year have matured, faced new responsibilities, and have taken pleasure in the results of their summer's production. This year has proved itself to be another very fruitful season for all. In addition, many campers have found that they are the proud possessors of a talent for painting, sculpture, ceramics, woodworking or other phases of the shop program; the shops have succeeded in developing these various aptitudes. Their success will continue as long as there is a constant effort on the part of all, so--

"Load on MacDuff!"

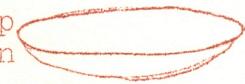




Wood

shop

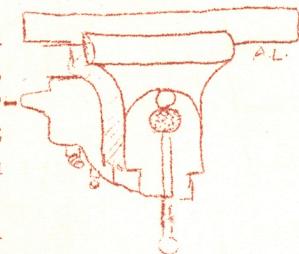
The wood shop, now headed by Pete Garofolo and Alan Blank, is one of the oldest shop in camp. It was started in 1943 when the camp was founded. Originally, it was a furniture repair shop for the immediate area and helped in the war-time years. After the war, the camp changed it into a wood shop for the campers to use when they wanted to make things.



Pete thinks that this is the best-equipped camp he has seen, since we are set up for production as well as for individual work.



The morning is usually the busiest time in the wood shop and about thirty to forty people come in and out daily.



The production made in the shop vary greatly in size and difficulty. For instance, one person made a desk, another a rocking chair, and others made bowls of different shapes, sizes and dimensions. Pete believes that one of the campers' greatest assets is their co-operation and attentiveness.

Pete and Alan have the able assistance of Al Siegel and Hank Sweetbaum, assistants, and Paul Wolsk and Vick Klein, CIT's.

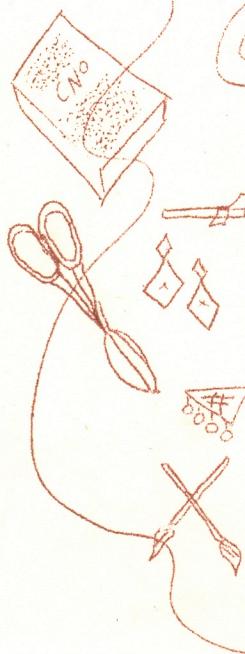
Editorial and layout: RICHARD SOSIS

jewelry

shop

The jewelry shop, under the direction of Lyn Robbins, is a very interesting place where you can put to full use all your creative ability in the making of pins, earrings and many other beautiful things.

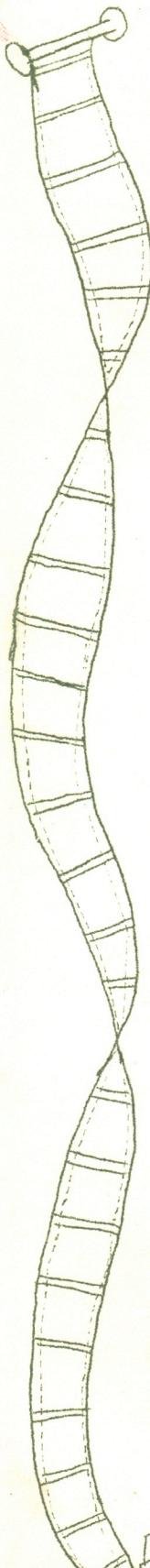
For two weeks the shop was handicapped because the construction crew was laying a new floor. Most of the materials had to be packed in cartons and stored away because a lot of the things are perishable and would become rusted. Also they were unable to use the lawn because projects would blow away, and there is no place to set up acid or a blow torch, and no outlet for the buffing machine.



Cufflinks, pins, earrings, identification bracelets, and pendants were among the most popular items made. Creative shapes rather than designs were stressed, and individual work was preferred to group projects. Girls who have worked in the jewelry shop have turned out some very pretty creations, besides having a good time while working.

ARTHUR LINDO

GINA AVERSA



photo

Shop



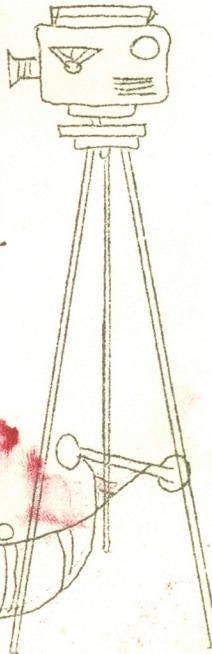
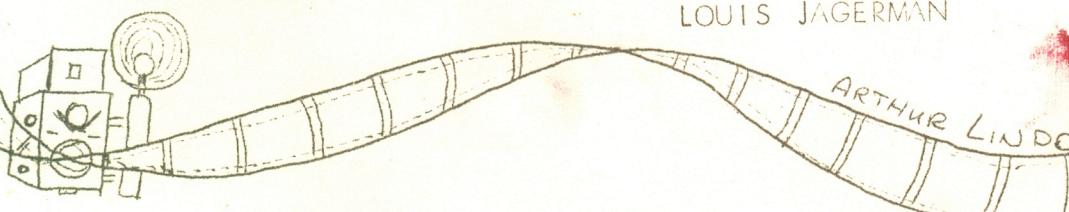
In the photography shop there is seldom a moment when there is not someone busily pouring chemicals, shaking developing tanks,

examining films, or printing and enlarging pictures. But what makes these people do these things? Is it to store their memories and sights on paper, or record events of importance? No! It is the simple, yet great satisfaction of having produced, with their own hands and minds, a thing they can be proud of; to think that their picture is impossible to duplicate; to be able to show it to their friends and parents, and say that they made it through their own talents and abilities. And every time they unroll a newly developed film, or watch a blank piece of paper, through the magic of chemistry, turn into a picture, they will get the thrill and the satisfaction of seeing created, that which no words or drawings can ever describe; a piece of cellulose from which a work of art, or a lasting record can be produced. Such is the feeling experienced by one working in the photo shop.

In this shop, modern equipment is available to everyone; the simple beginner or the accurate expert are both working for the satisfaction and fun, (as well as for a good picture) to be gained from photography. Aid and advice can always be obtained from Martin Weiss, his assistants, Adam Chmery, and George Weisz, and his CIT's, Arthur Laufer and Mark Goldstein. Film and photographic paper can be purchased. This shop plays an important part in the production of the Weeder's Digest, and the Yearbook, along with its production of postcards and its photographic exhibit in the Social Hall.

This year, improvement has been made in the photo shop. The wooden sink, which had been rotting away for the last ten years, and has been a very popular subject of complaint around the shop, has been replaced with a shiny new metal sink. Now, more than ever before, one can work with ease and pleasure.

LOUIS JAGERMAN





*A*lthough it is situated a little bit away from the rest of Buck's Rock, the publications shop is by no means far away from the heart of camp. In fact, in many respects it may even be regarded as the center of life here, since it publicises the things that are going on around camp, and therefore makes it possible for the various groups to work in closer harmony.

This year the shop set up new headquarters. From the spots where the jewelry and art shops are now located, the publications shop was moved into its own building, behind the wood shop. With a beautiful airy shop filled with new and modern equipment, the publications workshop had a very successful summer.

The main activity of the shop was putting out the Weeder's Digest each week. Adele Weiss, and Richard Levy, literary advisers; Julia Winston, in charge of design; Jim Lehrich, production adviser; Mike Goodman, Sue Larsen, Margie Rose, Dick Schiffer, and Ruth Stone, CIT's; the editorial board, and a large staff of campers, worked on eight issues during the summer. Every Saturday morning there was a meeting to make suggestions and give out assignments for the coming issue. The articles were due on Monday. During the rest of the week each item handed in was corrected, typed to a dummy, stenciled, illustrated, and run off. Then Friday morning the various pages were collated, and finally immediately after lunch the Weeder's Digest was distributed to everyone in camp. Such things as "What's What," Ernie's quote, Profiles of people around camp, and two page cartoon spreads were new improvements in this summer's issues. Some pages even went through three processes and three shops--silk screening in the art shop, a photograph from the photo shop, and the article from the publications shop.

The Weeder's Digest was not the only project of the publications shop. On the first day that the campers arrived a booklet, "What's IN Store For '54?" was distributed to everyone. The main publication of the entire summer is, of course, this Yearbook which you are now reading. It is the result of all our work and efforts.

MARGIE ROSE

print

Publications

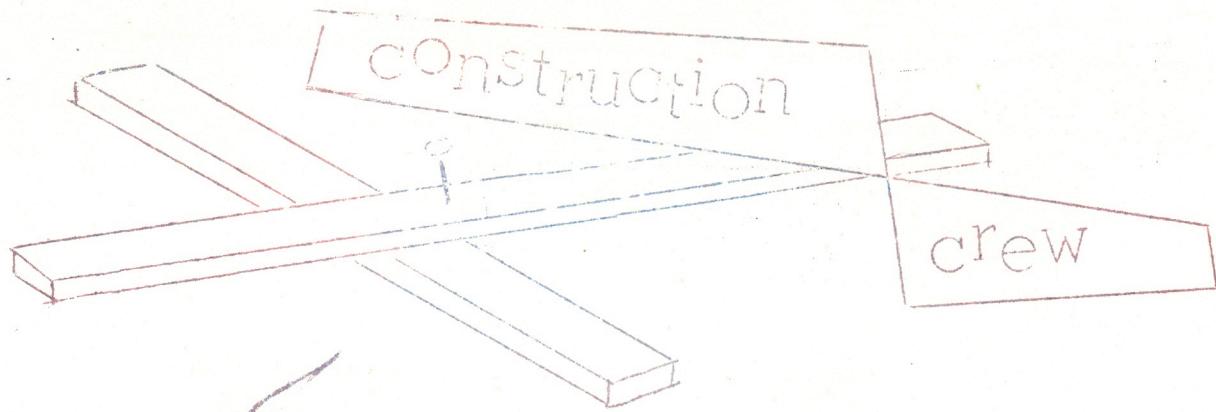
and

shop

Always a beehive of activity, the Print Shop is constantly serving the camp and campers. Almost everyday, several campers come in to print stationery, napkins or informals for themselves or their relatives. The mimeograph machines are constantly going, printing, (in addition to the regular publications) laundry lists, programs for plays, other evening activities, and Festival letters to parents and other form letters for the office. On the other side of the shop, letterheads for the office are printed. Thus, in many ways the print shop enriches Buck's Rock.

ROBERT WALTERS





know a dark, secluded place...". No, I am not speaking of Hernando's Hideaway, but of Harold's Hideaway, home of the famed construction crew. It is from this place that the plans for our construction projects for this year and coming years emerge.

The first project for 1954 was the erection of our "Nursery." "This house," says our A.F. of Hal proudly, "comes complete with geraniums." It also comes complete with all the necessary lighting and plumbing fixtures. In previous years our nurses have lived in the various houses around camp. This is the first year that the nurse has actually been on the premises of the dispensary.

The newest addition to our Shop Building is the annex to the ceramics porch. This is the only place in camp where a tree becomes part of the shop atmosphere. The Construction Crew worked on the shop project for approximately three weeks. A stone wall was constructed, an asphalt floor was laid, and the whole shop area was in general "cleaned-up."

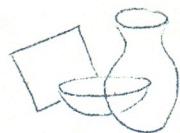
This year a Berkshire chair was designed and produced in many beautiful colors by the construction shop. These chairs have been placed about camp along with picnic tables, built along the same design as the chairs.

A new dirt road was blazed from the animal farm to the main part of camp. It is now a more efficient structure.

One of the evening activities for some campers interested in construction, this year, was the building of a speed boat for Hal. The boat was constructed in the basement workshop. Although plans had been made concerning what to do should the boat not fit through the door, surprisingly enough, though it was a tight squeeze, the boat was lifted out of the basement.

The two counselors of the construction shop are Hal Loren and Los Fernandez. Assistants are Steve Bileva and Pete Cohen; CIT's are John Bystry, Dave Dookin, Steve Goldstein, Larry Greenberg, Ricki Schweig, Jerry Stoller, Jonny Wallach, and Pete Yamin.

ceramic



shop

M

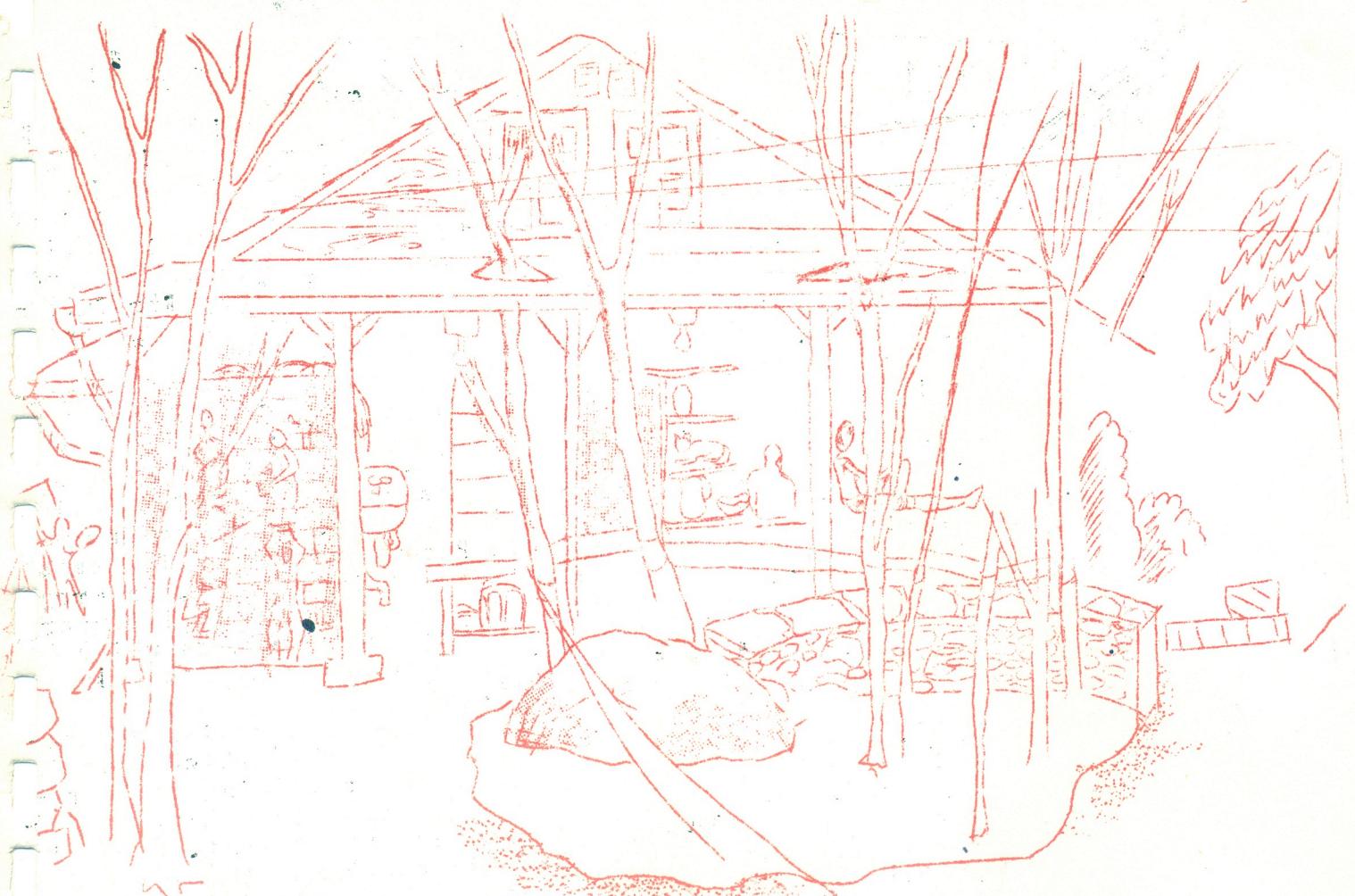
idst the busy turmoil of the summer's heat and activity at Buck's Rock, we find many campers actively participating in the production of ceramics wares and sculpture. In the atmosphere of wet clay and wet plaster many talents are discovered and even more are developed under the supervision of Harry Allan, Yale Rabinowitz, assistant Eric Eisenklam, and CIT's Jane Chontow Steve Potter, and Peter Weiss.

The successful sales of the ceramics shop products added to the selling profits. The most popular items were vases and ashtrays. Jane Chontow originated salt and pepper shakers and Ricky Schweig designed little clay animals. Since she made each one different, each one of the fascinating figures seemed more attractive than the last. The shop was always full of campers mass-producing tiles, clay donkeys, dishes, and all the other articles that appeared on the selling stands.

Campers were also encouraged to model their own pieces. Among the outstanding figures designed here were a beautiful cat, several free-form bowls, sculptured works, and many fine tiles. Demonstrations on how to use the potter's wheel were given and many used the wheel in making their bowls.

Ceramics became so popular at camp that the shop was not large enough to accommodate all who wished to work there. The construction crew built an extension to the shop which has been very useful. Anyone who spent any time in the ceramics shop this summer gained knowledge and experience and had a good time. Buck's Rockers owe many thanks to Harry and Yale for helping them to have such a wonderful experience in ceramics.

MARCIA COHEN
JUDY MUSIKANT



Weaving

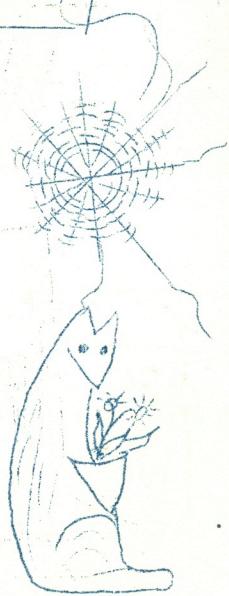
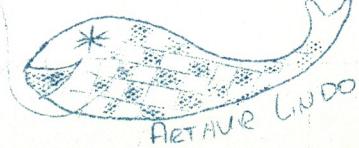
shop

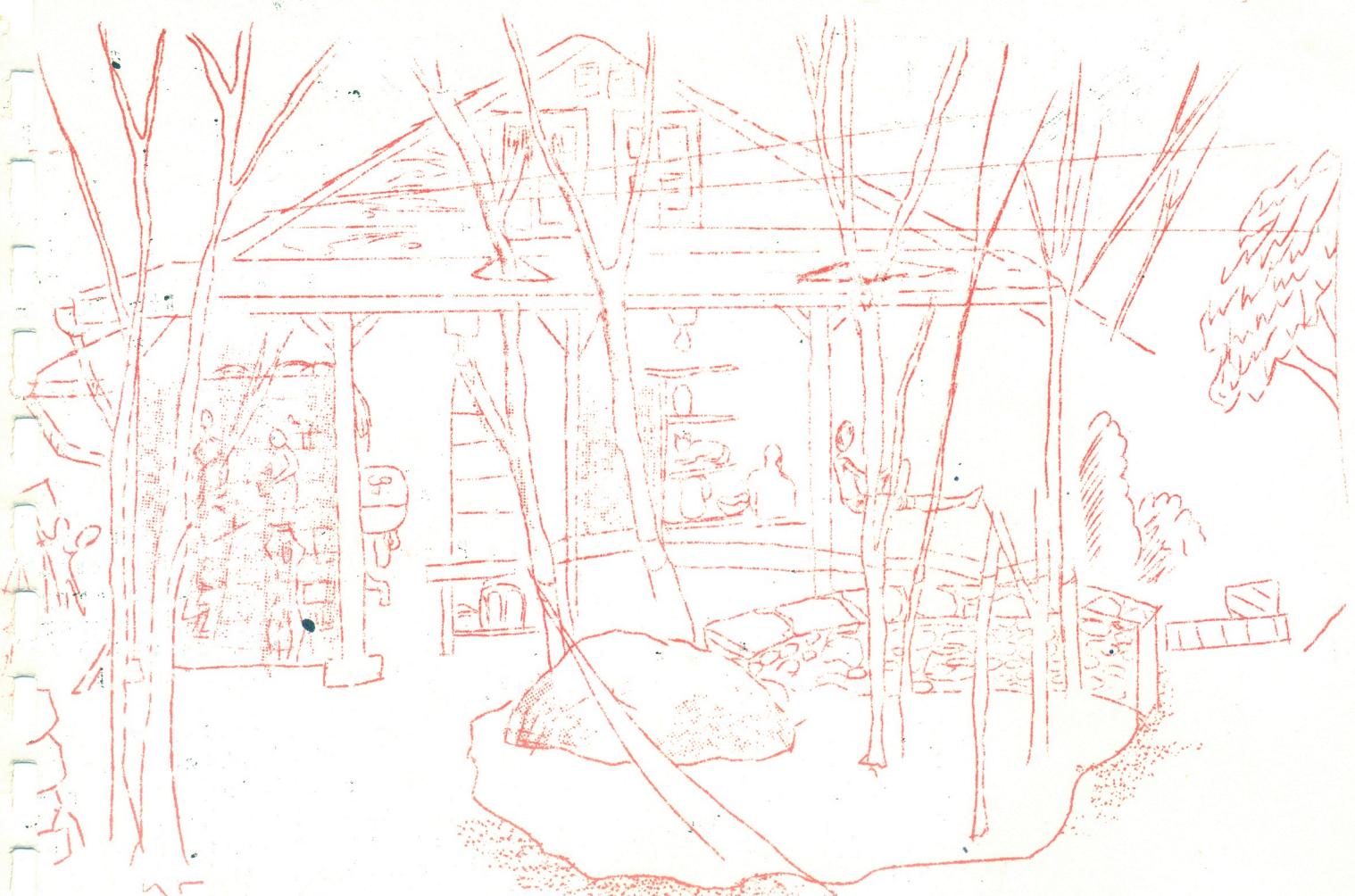
The weaving shop, this summer, played a very important part in shop production and selling. The main articles that they produced were the stuffed dolls, "Herman", "Kingeroo", and "Christopher Gerorse", which became quite popular around camp.

Under the competent leadership of Helene Rabinowitz and CIT Ricky Schweig, much work was accomplished and the Boy's House Lounge was full of busy weavers. Campers were guided and instructed on their individual projects, among which was the making of baskets from reed and raffia.

All will agree the Helene's weaving shop has had a very successful summer.

PHYLLIS PORESKY





Weaving

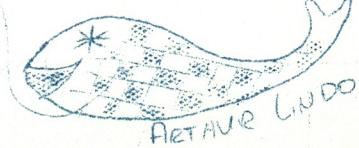
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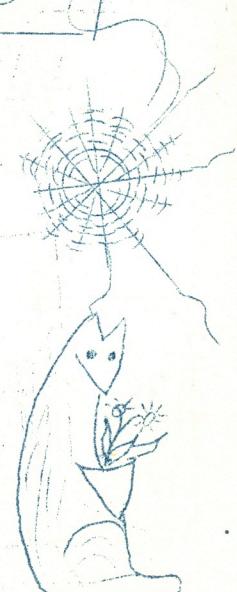
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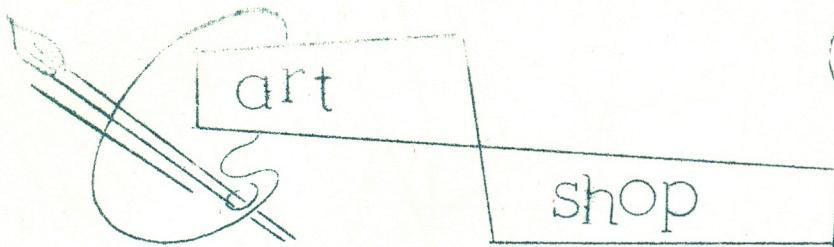
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PHYLLIS PORESKY



ARTAUE LINDO





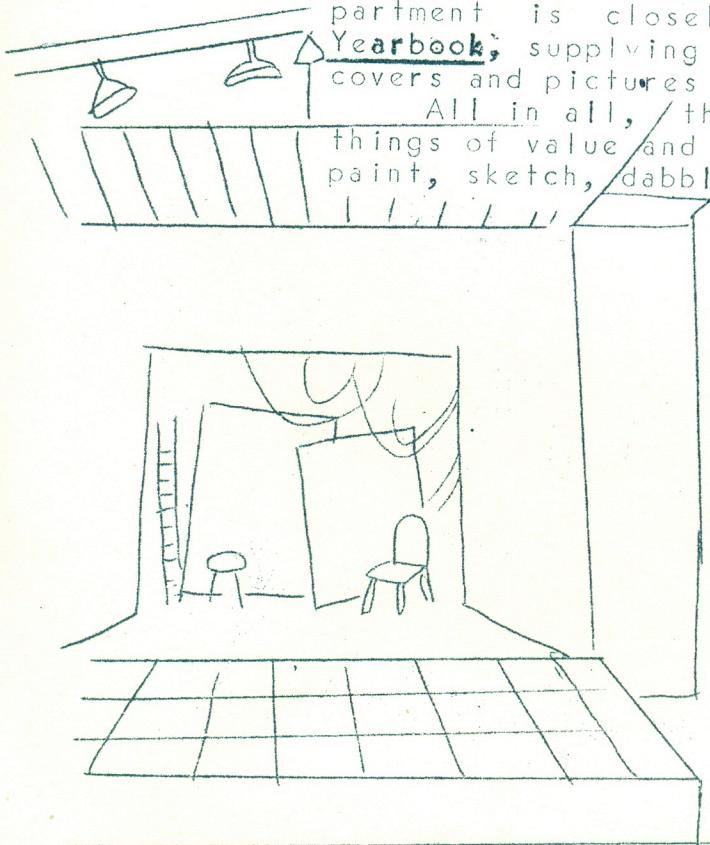
ever been in the Buck's Rock art shop, even for a moment. This shop is the hub of all the shops, its influence reaching to the wood shop, ceramics shop, print shop, etc.

Heading the goings on of a constantly busy and creative place are two wonderful people, Emelyn Garofolo and Peter Jansen.

It's easy to recognize Pete, for he's the one who is always leaning over someone's shoulder giving advice on how his masterpiece should be done. There are two divisions in the shop and Pete heads the "fine arts" department. Here anyone with creative talent, an urge to paint, or a desire to dispose of a violent temper, can putter in oil or water colors depending on which he prefers. Peter Jansen gives much guidance and help to whoever wants it or needs it.

Now to Emmy and her silk screen and design department. Emelyn is famous for her "blobs" which have inspired many a person into creating something to be remembered. Her classes in design have helped many to better their technique and show their true talent. She is known for that squeegee held in one hand and the gleam in her eyes when something is to be screened. In the art shop anyone interested in silk screening may learn this method. Designs for many things, from place mats to stoles, can be made with this technique. This department is closely knit with the Weeders Digest and Yearbook, supplying many of the illustrations including covers and pictures throughout.

All in all, the art shop in '54 has produced many things of value and importance, besides being a place to paint, sketch, dabble, and have fun.



A

pencil, I need a pencil!" "I thought you said we could print today!" "The paints are gone!"

Sound familiar? It should if you've

been in the art shop.

Shop

Shop

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stage

design

We have all noticed, while watching our plays at the stage, the beautiful scenery which was made for them. This was done by a group of talented campers, under the direction of Peter Jansen and Vicki Wolf. Sets were made for two plays, "Arms and the Man" and "They Came to a City," and proved to be as wonderful as the plays.

GEORGE MARCUS

"...though 'twere to buy a world of happy days..."

Every weekend on the social hall porch, our shop selling stand was set up for business. Shop selling, under the supervision of Carol Levy, was an important part of Buck's Rock activity this year, as every year. From 10 AM to 6 PM Saturday and Sunday, whales, jewelry, wooden bowls, tiles, clay, donkeys, silk screened cotton stoles, photographic post cards, and other Buck's Rock products were sold.

Whales, originated by Emmy Perl, and several ceramic products were the biggest selling items this year. Over 700 postcards were sold during the first five weeks of camp. Prices for our products ranged from \$.08 for our postcards to \$10. for the hors d'oeuvre tray designed by Winnie Winston.

Selling also took place outside of camp when our products were sold at the New Milford Fair.

Half credit in production hours was given to those who sold. This year, as always, there were many people who volunteered to sell at Festival.

We are sure that, after seeing the beautiful work of the campers on exhibition on Festival day, many people will go to our stands to buy our products for themselves and as gifts for others.

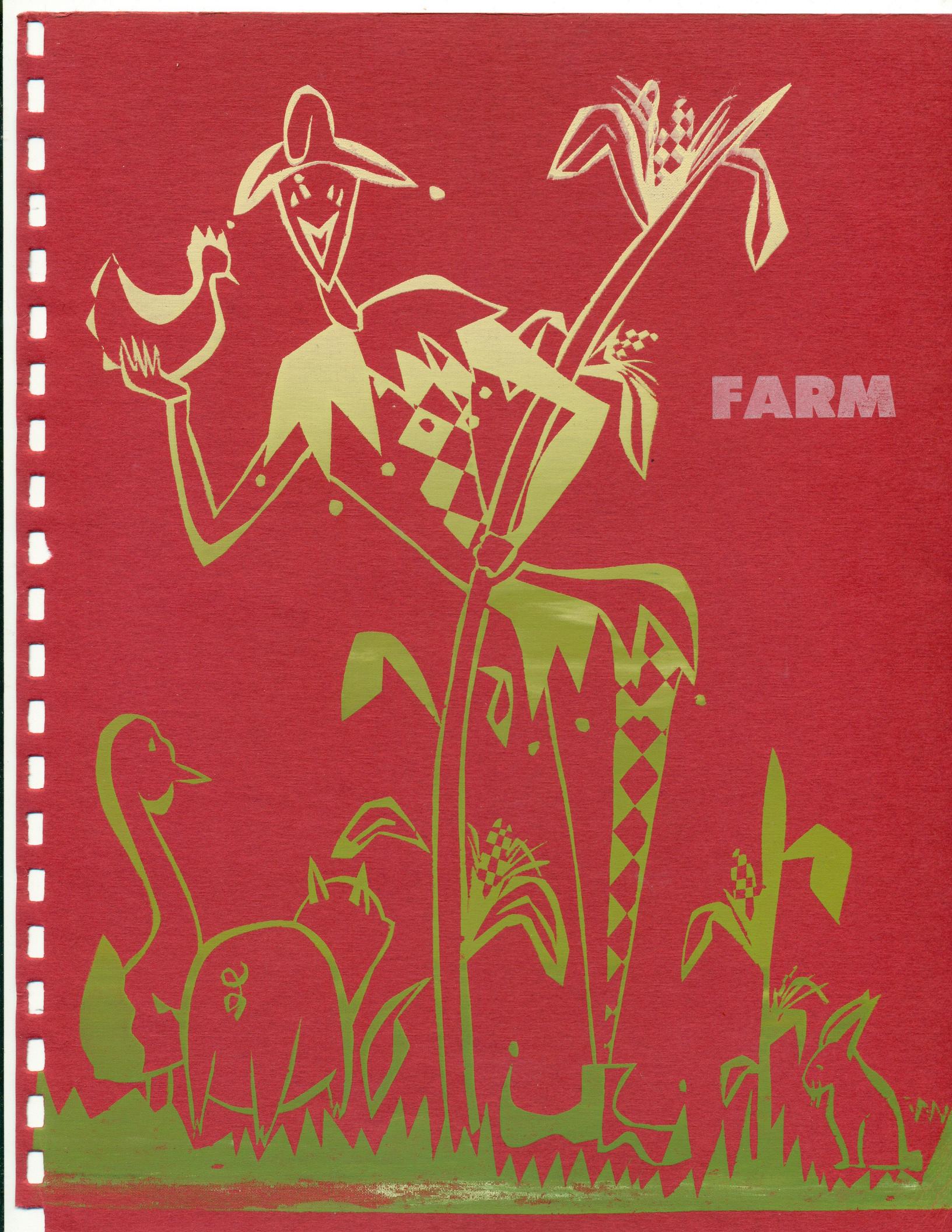
MARCI A COHEN

Shop Planning Production Committee

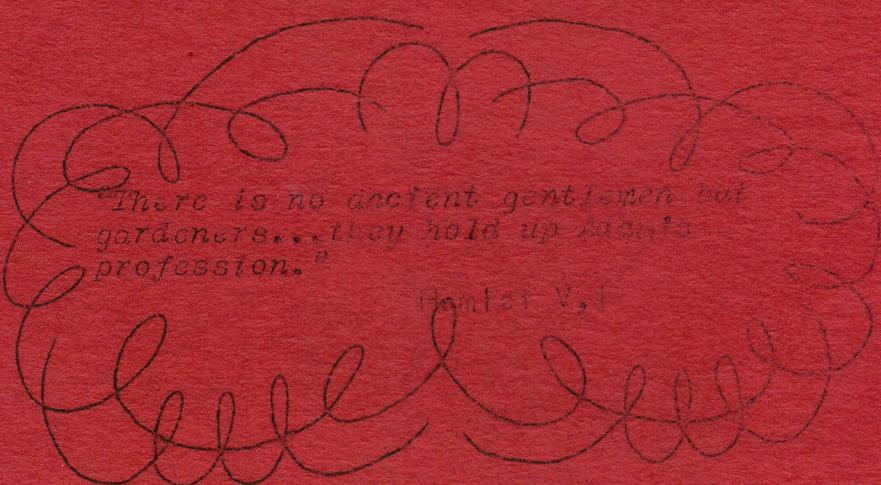
The Central Shop Production Planning Committee had a busy and effective year of discussion and decision this summer. At the start of the season, it became apparent that its members and observers were not sure of the duties and powers of the Committee. Ernie helped to clarify matters by defining a shop as; "a permanent group, meeting in a definite place with a counselor, and using tools or business methods to change materials or to make products." Then, a special sub-committee was formed to write a constitution and by-laws and, in general, to provide permanent rules upon which the committee could base its work. At the same time, the Committee's regular work of deciding upon items to be mass produced by the shops for sales continued, making for a productive, profitable Buck's Rock summer.

JIM LEHRICH



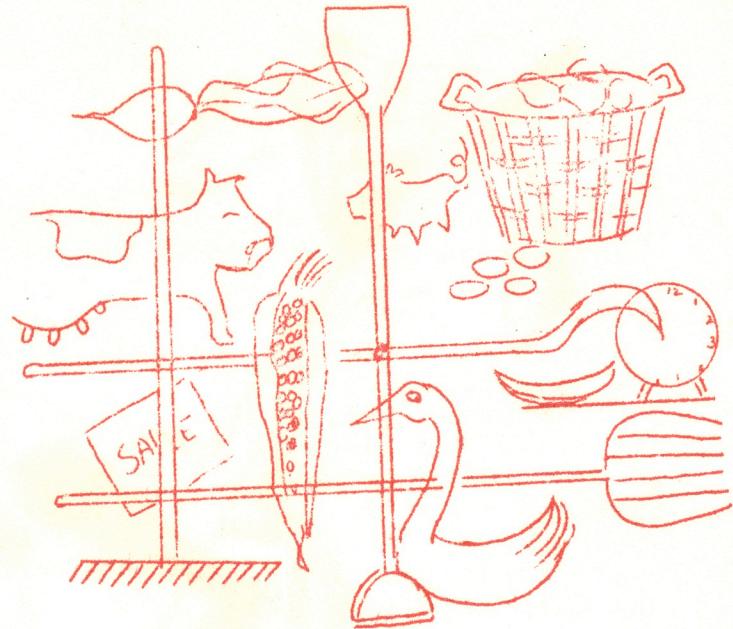


FARM



"There is no ancient gentlemen but
gardeners... they hold up their
profession."

Hamlet V, 1



O

You've just arrived in Buck's Rock and you aren't too sure of how to begin in the shops. You remember what Ernie said about the farms, and start hesitantly down the road. You stop at the vegetable farm and you are instructed in weeding. Before you know it, you are engrossed in ridding the rows of weeds. When you go to the animal farm, you begin with the same dubiousness, and discover the pleasure you receive. The work may be dirty at times, but you have the wonderful feeling that you are helping the animals.

Here on the farms, you work with life, the lives of plants and animals. You actively participate in growth and development. You learn about the best soil for cucumbers, and how a calf is born. You know the satisfaction of having done a job well, and you earn a wage. If you have not worked on the farm this year, you have missed a wonderful opportunity, and you want to be sure to take advantage of it next year.

*G*he early morning air was cool, and you could feel anticipation and excitement in the air, as campers in pajamas, robes, and jackets raced down to the animal farm. Ernie had run through camp announcing that "The calf is coming," and it was expected that Gladys would give birth any minute.

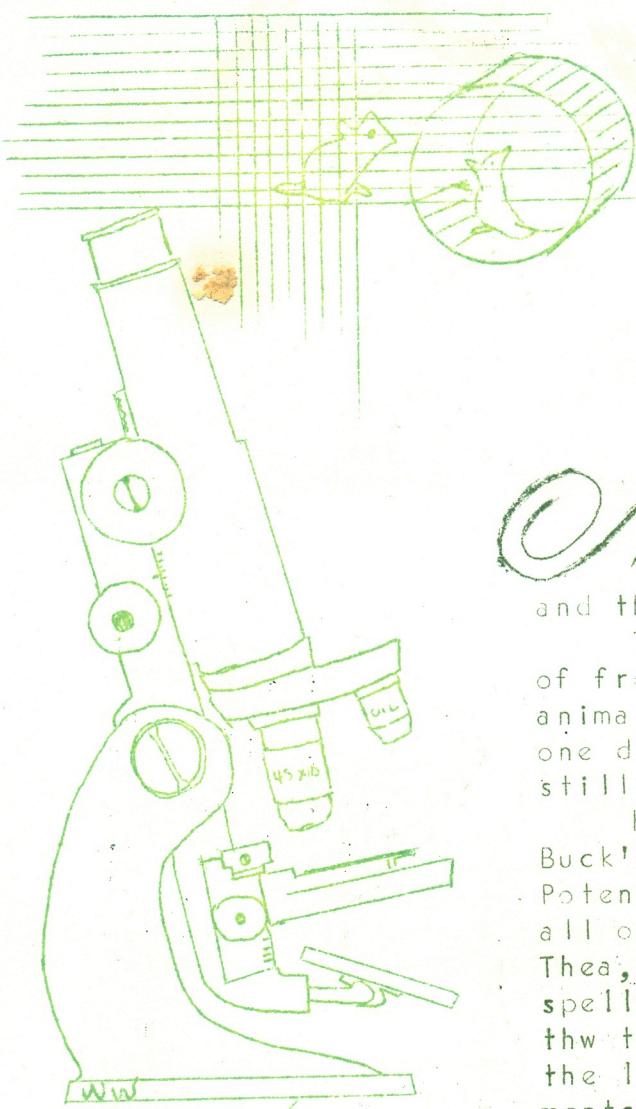
By about 6 a.m. almost everyone in camp was at the farm anxiously awaiting the arrival of the calf. Poor Gladys was so upset and nervous because of her large audience that she balked for quite some time. Her vulva would expand, and just as we thought that the calf would be born soon, it would contract. This went on continually, and Joan Little and Carolyn Warnow tried in vain to pull the calf out.

"....the *calf* that is
the trumpet of
the morn...."



Finally, Gladys was let loose in the field. Everyone immediately climbed over the fence and began to follow her wherever she went. This was the cause of more stubbornness and withholding on Gladys's part. Seeing this, Joan and Carolyn took her back inside the stall again.

With some more pulling and coaxing, Gladys submitted, and released the calf. At 6:43 on Monday, July 26, "Gamma Globulin," so christened by Ernie, came into the world, with crowds of Buck's Rockers admiring enthusiastically. In his first few minutes, "G.G." just looked around while his mother finished cleaning him off. He then made an attempt to stand up. Many unsuccessful tries followed, but quite a while later, he finally succeeded. "Gamma Globulin" stood up on his weak legs for the first time, and looked about at his admiring new world.



we'll pluck a
crow to-gether.



nestled in between the Farm House
and the stables is the Farm Lab.

Thea Fuchs supervises dissections
of frogs, **porcupines** and any other
animals she can get her hands on. At
one dissection of a frog, the heart was
still beating after being removed.

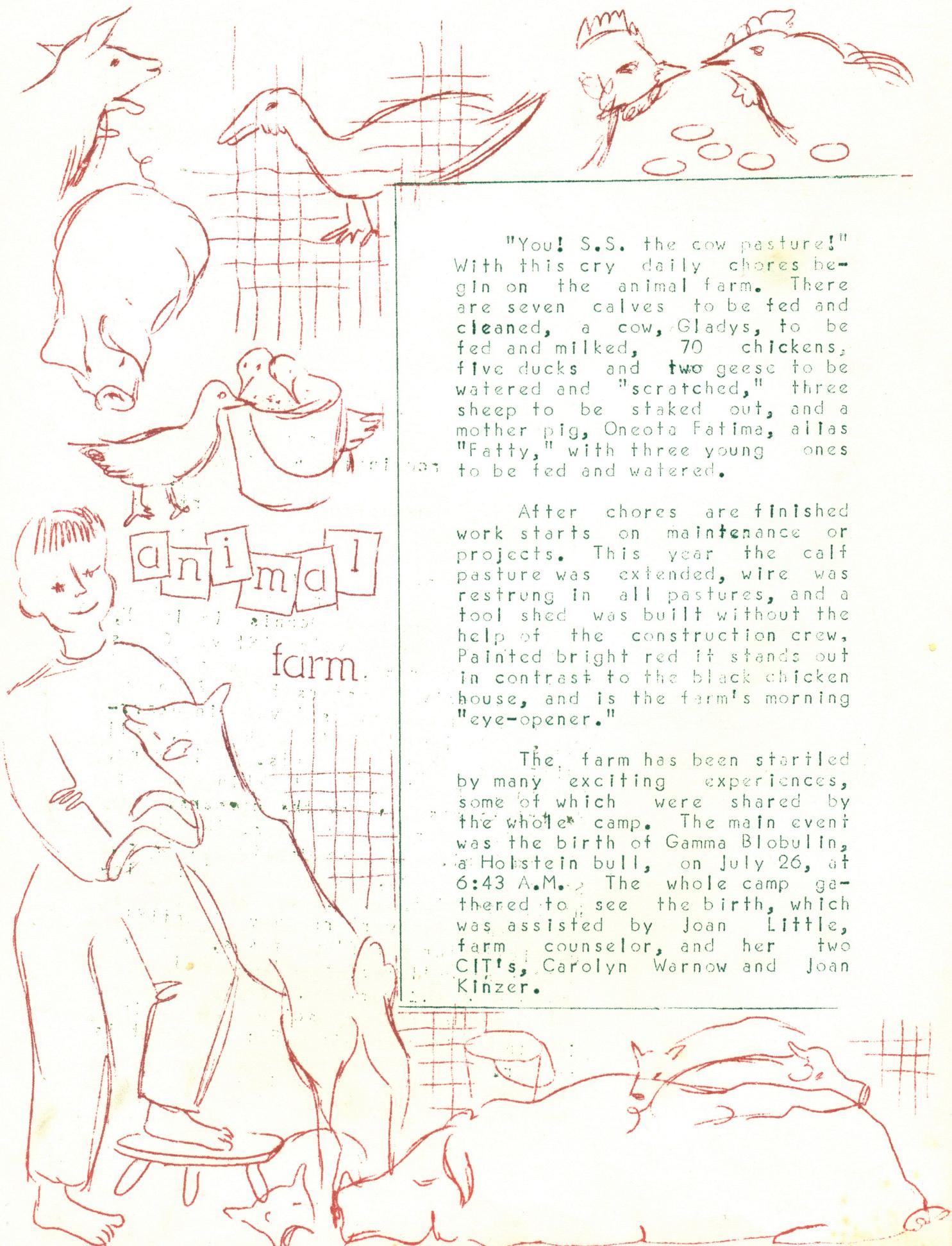
Hamsters are the favorite pets of
Buck's Rockers. Ingabor, Butterball,
Potent (a stud hamster who mates with
all other hamsters), Dennis (a lady),
Thea, Sedac, and Nevets (Steven Cades
spelled backwards), are only a few of
thw-twenty-five hansters to be found at
the lab. The hamsters lived in apart-
ments, duplex and private houses, all
built by boys and girls. All work,
feeding, breeding, and teaching them to
do tricks was done by the campers.

The four camp rabbits, thought to
be pregnant, and Thea's two albinos,
Sam and Jeanette, were the outside in-
habitants of the lab.

The lab workers have identified
chemicals through flame tests, observed
different cultures, and looked at blood
through the microscope.

And so fun and science were mixed
in the little white Farm Lab this
summer.

MARCIACCHEN

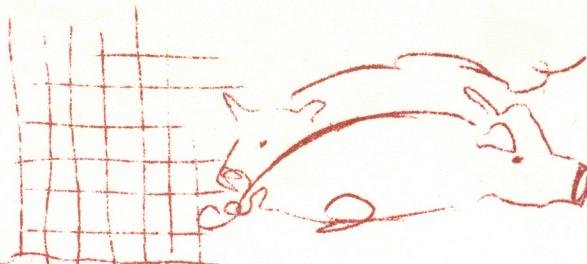


SKETCHED AT THE FARM BY SUSAN BERMAN

"You! S.S. the cow pasture!" With this cry daily chores begin on the animal farm. There are seven calves to be fed and cleaned, a cow, Gladys, to be fed and milked, 70 chickens, five ducks and two geese to be watered and "scratched," three sheep to be staked out, and a mother pig, Oneota Fatima, alias "Fatty," with three young ones to be fed and watered.

After chores are finished work starts on maintenance or projects. This year the calf pasture was extended, wire was restrung in all pastures, and a tool shed was built without the help of the construction crew. Painted bright red it stands out in contrast to the black chicken house, and is the farm's morning "eye-opener."

The farm has been startled by many exciting experiences, some of which were shared by the whole camp. The main event was the birth of Gamma Blobulin, a Holstein bull, on July 26, at 6:43 A.M. The whole camp gathered to see the birth, which was assisted by Joan Little, farm counselor, and her two CIT's, Carolyn Warnow and Joan Kinzer.



aaaaa aaaaa aaaaa
aaaaa aaaaa aaaaa

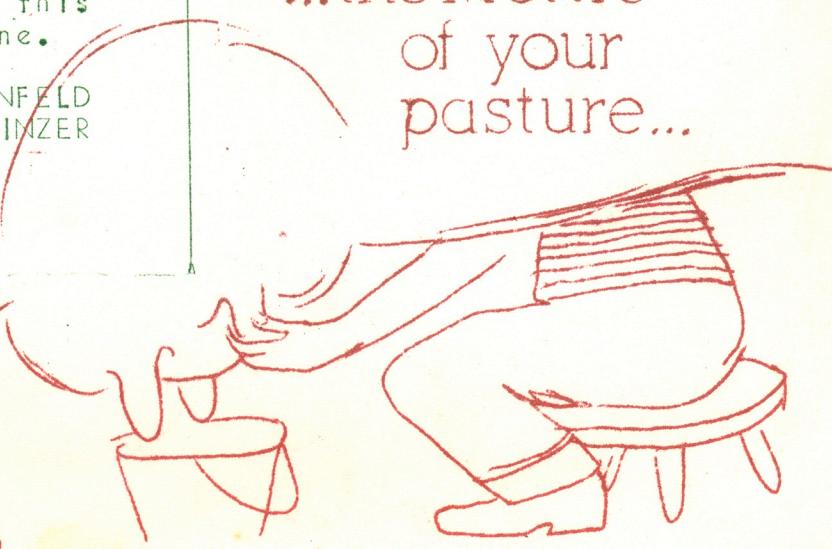
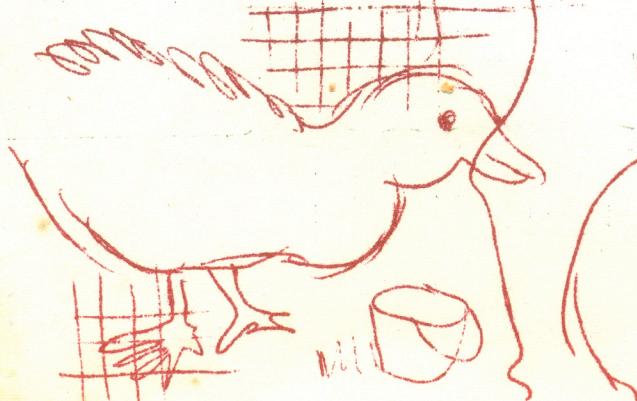
Another event of the season was the escape of our four sheep. After a week of hunting, Rip, Bergie's boxer, and the campers caught three of them. The other one is still missing, and word has it that he is over the mountain and probably too far away to catch.

The farm season will end with the animals being sold at auctions and to local farmers. The hours will be divided into the net profits, and a wage per hour will emerge to pay this year's farmers for their labors. However, as anyone who has worked on the farm knows, it's not just the check, it's the feeling of working together to raise a living thing and seeing the fruits of your labor materialize that counts. It is this feeling that made the farm an integral part of Buck's Rock life this year, and an indispensable one.

CAROL HOPPENFELD
JOAN KINZER



"...the mettle
of your
pasture...



"...and the weeds are shallow rooted..."

As in previous years, the vegetable farm has this summer played an important part in camp life. Under the able direction of Lloyd Bergen and Alex Grasser, the farm has excelled in its vast production of crops, particularly potatoes, of which $3\frac{1}{2}$ thousand pounds were grown.

The summer also has seen the harvest of the largest onion and corn crops in Buck's Rock History. These vegetables, in addition to the beets, carrots, lettuces, tomatoes, and beans, were sold during the weekend on the Social Hall porch. Innovations to tempt the visitors were the sale of hot buttered potatoes, hot buttered corn, and boiled eggs.

For Festival, the highlight of the summer, the farm stand planned to offer even more attractions. Iced cucumbers and tomatoes, ice cream, and soda, and iced berries were among the produce to be sold.

Credit is due to Bernard Leif, Peter Euben, Dan Wile, and the alternate CIT's, Jerry Stoller, Mike Goodman, and Paul Bloch, who assisted on the farm.

Unfortunately, there were many obstacles on the way. A severe storm destroyed part of our crop, doing greatest damage to the corn and onions. Much of the monetary loss was averted, however, by the willing campers who eagerly contributed their services in this emergency.

Among the processes carried on by the farm committee were weeding, hoeing, mulching (putting straw under tomato plants to avert loss by worms), mounding, planting, thinning, spraying, succoring, selling, and such odd jobs as clearing the field of stones.



The farm and shop programs have **some** similarities. While the Central Shop Planning committee laid the groundwork for all the work done by the shops, the Farm Committee performed the same function for the farm.

Chaired by our counselor farmers, the committee decided what and where to sell, at what prices, and what credit sellers were to get.

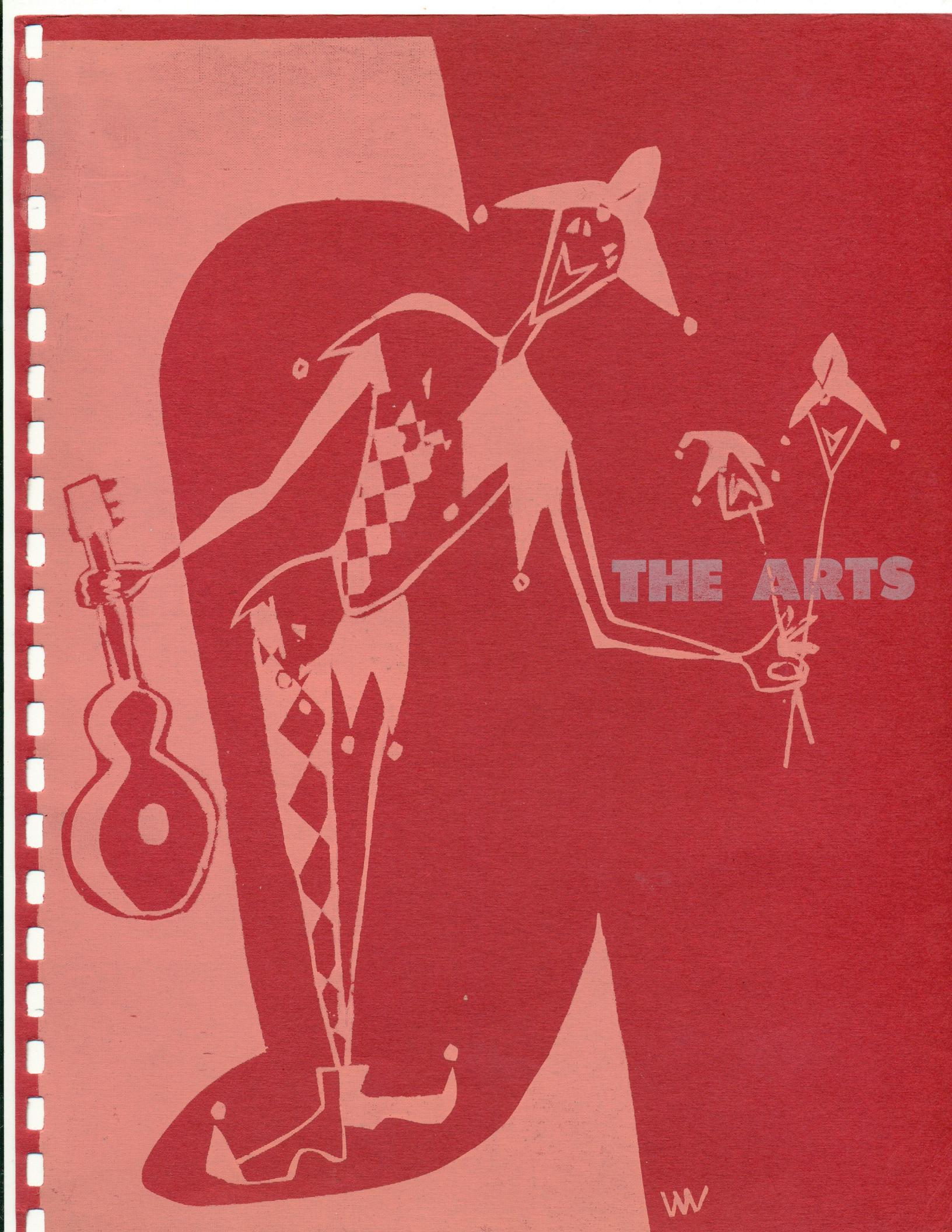
The Farm Committee also initiated a selling class, which was taught by Alex Strasser. The class started in the middle of the summer and attempted to **teach** the principles of salesmanship to all campers, whether they worked on the farm **or** in the shops.

Contrary to the former system of working out on neighboring farms, which was in operation until 1951, our own farm has been successfully developed to a point where it has become a profitable as well as an enjoyable place to work.

JANE LASHINS
JOAN BIRNE

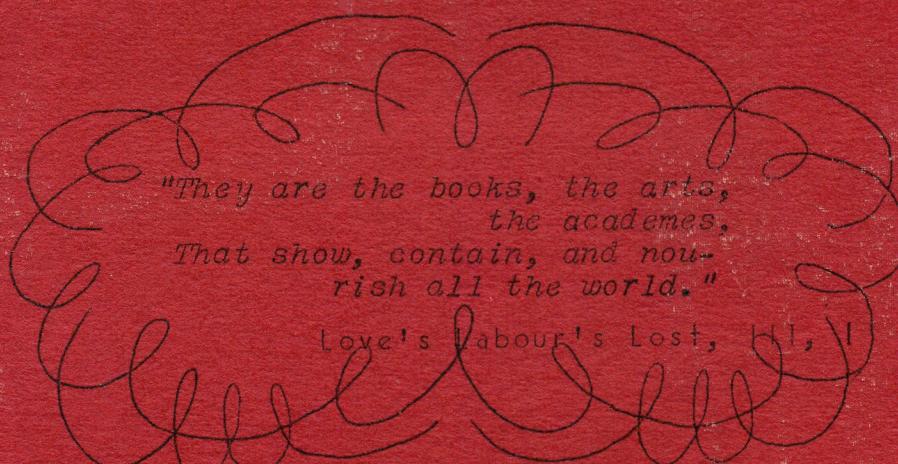
rehearsals and performances





THE ARTS

W



"They are the books, the arts,
the academes,
That show, contain, and nou-
rish all the world."

Love's Labour's Lost, III, 1

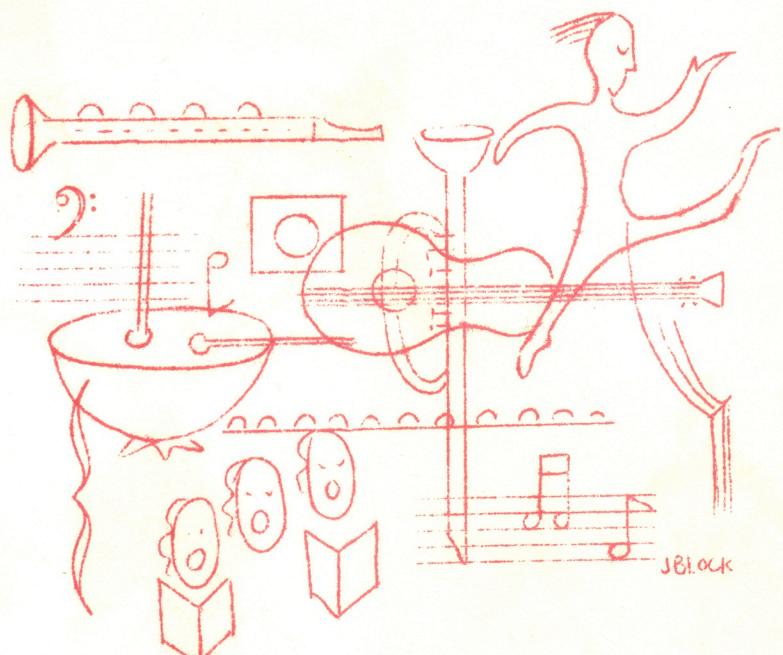
Q

You wonder what it is that makes the arts program so special at Buck's Rock. Do you remember when you formed your first impressions?

You are a stranger at Buck's Rock. Your mind is open to new ideas, your eyes are watching new things and people, and your ears are listening to unfamiliar sounds. You are intrigued by various activities but confused by the busyness and individuality of everyone around you.

As the time passes and your mind has started forming clearcut impressions of standards of life at Buck's Rock, you notice that there's something special about lots of things at camp besides the work program which appears at first to be the major objective of camp life. Then you begin to piece together impressions that you remember...the strum of guitars...voices singing harmoniously together in small groups...the blares and squeaks as the orchestra tunes up in the Social Hall. You remember the feeling of really being part of a great big friendly group, and the feeling of pride you got in the whole group when some goal was attained.

You think of the chorus in its early stages, struggling through a new song, and your pride in its perfection when the song was performed. You remember long days of rehearsal at the stage and how you created a character in the play by yourself and the great feeling of accomplishment you had when the play was a success. You think of how you watched the others dance at first, not thinking that you could express yourself as freely and imaginatively as you finally did. You are glad when you think back on how you worked individually and in a group in the various activities, and you are proud that you got so much out of the arts program at Buck's Rock.



"..all the men and women merely players."



D

Drama was hard work and yet it was rewarding work for those who participated in the plays of the summer of 1954.

The three-act play produced at mid-season was Arms and the Man by George Bernard Shaw. It was a satire on romantic people suddenly facing reality and realists turning romantic. It starred Sandy Maley, Terry Davidson, Sue Schliman, Kay Riback, Frank Cohen, Marty Lowy, Ben Apfelbaum, and Don Raskin.

After being rained out twice in a row, Discrimination for Everybody by Edward Mabley and the radio play A Man With A Platform by Norman Corwin were finally performed on August 4. Discrimination, which starred

Linda Berwitz, Peter Yamin, Barbara Leeds, Emmy Perl, Marcia Levy, and Nancy Spelman, was a one act play concerned with the cost of discrimination to this country. A Man With a Platform by Norman Corwin was a satire on modern times. It dealt with young children, education, and different types of people. Stu Duboff had the starring role and the music was composed for the play by Dave and Michael Katz.

Puzzling, remarkable, and versatile are the words to describe our Festival play, They Came to a City, by J.B. Priestley. The play begins with some Englishmen and Americans outside a city surrounded by a great wall. They find that the city is a Utopia but the playwright never completely defines this ideal. Consequently the play is interpreted differently by virtually every group that performs it. This play has been translated into at least twenty different languages. The cast was composed of Ann Sabot, Terry Davidson, Kay Riback, Dave Jasen, Susie Shulman, Nancy Spelman, Stu Wurtzel, Mike Greenberg, and Susan Kohn.

Ann Rutledge, a one act play by Norman Corwin, will be given after Festival. The cast will be Anita Goldberg, Stu Duboff, Ella Lerman, Marcia Cohen, George Marcus, Marty Lowy, Peter Bay, Ricky Winston, Ben Apelbaum, and Margie Weil. Murder In Studio One, by Norman Corwin, and Pullman Car Hiawatha by Thornton Wilder, will be given the week after Festival. The drama CIT's this year were Frank Cohen, Dave Jasen, Mike Greenberg, and Sandy Maley. Our heartiest congratulations to a fabulous director, Les Charlow, for a wonderful dramatic year.

DAVE JASEN

"...foot it feately here and there."

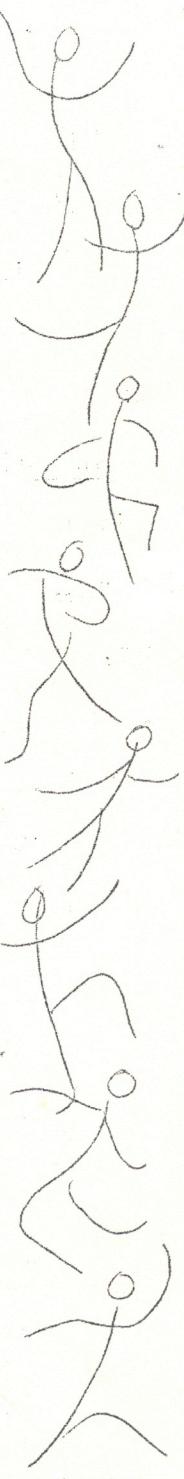
*Lift, stretch, pull from morning till night.
Buck's Rock dance has no hours.*

But dance is more than this exercise, this visual work. It is also a question of translating ideas and feelings into motion. It is the expression of emotions that cannot be put into words. An example of this is Sue Konheim's dance in which she portrayed her interpretation of the void. Bobbie Leeds did a dance formed around the reactions of persons and emotions to a particular focus.

We must remember that these dances were done in modern dance - not ballet, as there is a distinct difference between the two. In ballet everything is precisely and rigidly choreographed. When a person chooses ballet as a profession he does not develop his own personality and style - but follows those who have come before. On the other hand, modern dance affords its performer the opportunity to work within his or her own framework, rather than being confined to a traditional pattern, as is the case with ballet.

This year, under the inspiration and hard work of Karen and Peni, Buck's Rock has produced many wonderful dances. The season was started off with a production class consisting of girls who had ideas and wanted to do their own choreography. Eventually these ideas were shaped into individual and group dances. On dance night Jo Buleva, Sue Kohn, and Fran Singer did solos. Several groups performed: a Construction Dance, a Dance Study, and the Hollow Men. The farmhouse girls did The Incredible Flutist and groups from the Girl's House and the Annex performed excerpts from Garcia Lorca's The House of Bernada Alba. Some of these dances will be repeated for the Festival program in addition to solos by Nina Lebow and Jane Himber. There will also be two new group dances, The Spectrum, using color moods and relationships as a theme, and Joseph and His Coat Of Many Colors, Based on the biblical tale of Joseph and his brothers.

As these dances have shown us - modern dance is for the individual as well as the group. It can tell a story, or interpret a poem or music. It can be exact and definite or like a painting - a painting of life in that no two people will see the same thing in the same dance. Overall - it is an outlet - a way to bring into form those formless feelings and ideas that are within all of our minds and hearts.



JANE HIMBER

WENDY-JEAN HETKIN
JANE HIMBER



"... the nights
are wholesome...
so gracious is
the time..."

When darkness begins to settle over Buck's Rock, evening activities begin. Our campfire on Sunday nights serve as a restful and enjoyable end to the weekend. The wood is ignited and folksinging begins. After about a half hour of singing, Ernie reads a story, usually of an imaginative nature, which has a lesson to teach.

A new addition to Buck's Rock evening activities was the movie shorts, many of them documentaries, which were shown on rainy evenings with a great many campers in attendance.

Along with the movie shorts on choice nights some of the evening activities were listening to show or classical music, poetry reading, and a number of thought-provoking discussions.

Friday nights were surprise nights on which treasure hunts, an "I've Got a Secret" program and a showing of "Their Voices Rise," the movie made at Buck's Rock in 1946, took place. On talent night, many musical people performed.

Movies were excellent this year. Among them were Margie, Broken Arrow, Take Care Of My Little Girl, O'Henry's Full House, Emile Zola, All Quiet on the Western Front, Captains Courageous, and The Day the Earth Stood Still. During pre-season, My Darling Clementine was shown.

Plans for our evening activities were made by the entertainment committee, headed by Fencey.

GEORGE MARCUS

"...those
musicians
that shall
play to you
a thousand
leagues
from hence..."



"...I love a ballad..."

A

nyone who passed by the oak tree this year could tell you about the guitar lessons given by Wally Perner and Carol Levy. Instruction was given to beginners, intermediates and advanced players. Scales, chords, theory, strums and songs were taught to all who came twice a week to the half-hour lessons.

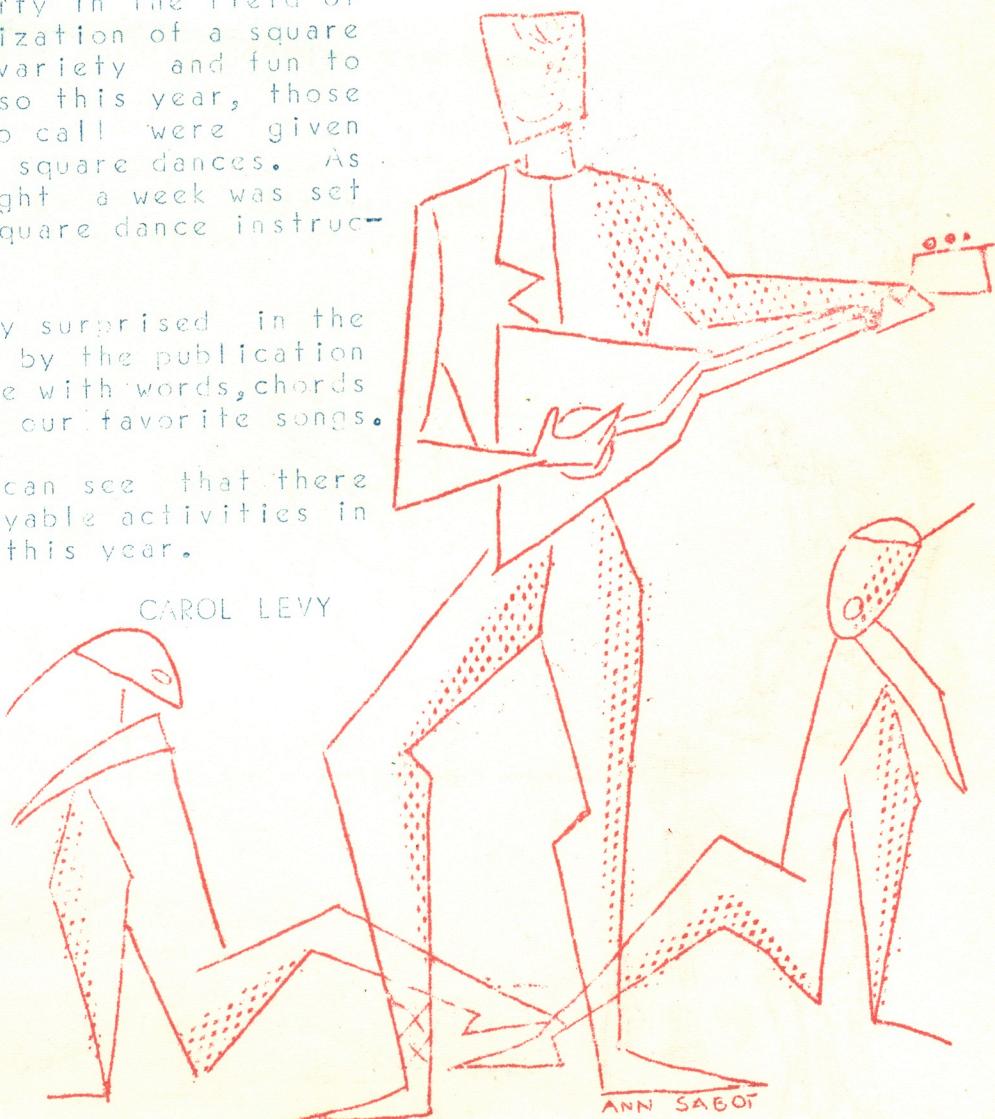
A folksong quartet, known as the "Curly Haired Three Plus One" was organized this year with Wendy Hetkin as soprano, Kay Riback, alto, Peter Euben, bass, and Wally Perner, tenor and director.

Another new activity in the field of folkmusic was the organization of a square dance band which lent variety and fun to our square dances. Also this year, those who wished to learn to call were given the opportunity at our square dances. As in other years, one night a week was set aside this summer for square dance instruction sessions.

We were pleasantly surprised in the beginning of the season by the publication of a song book, complete with words, chords and melodies of many of our favorite songs.

Looking back, we can see that there were many new and enjoyable activities in the field of folkmusic this year.

CAROL LEVY





Orchestra

The orchestra this year was composed of fifty members possessing instruments as different as recorders and mandolins. There was a large turnout of strings which added a melodic and lyrical quality to the music.

Although various types of pieces were played, the stress seemed to be toward more serious music and the great composers. Among the pieces played were "Overture to Rosamunde" by Brahms and "Marche Slave" by Tschaikowsky. However, the orchestra did some lighter music, such as "Mountain Melody of Folk Tunes" and selections from Strauss' "Die Fledermaus".

This season, something new was added to Buck's Rock. This was the Chamber Orchestra, consisting of two clarinets, an oboe, a bass, two violins, a muted trumpet, a cello, and a flute. The group performed at camp one Sunday night, and is scheduled to play in the New Milford Theater on August 25th.

and Chorus

"Ah, 'tis the lark that sings so out of tune" - but at Buck's Rock chorus rehearsals, under the direction of Dave and Jeanne Katz, no such thing happens.

Three times a week, right after snack, a group of ninety gathers in the Social Hall for chorus rehearsal. These people were not selected, but came of their own free will in response to an invitation extended to the entire camp. But one would not know this, having listened to one of the concerts given

"if music be a food of love play on...

by the chorus. The spirit and cooperation of the group in the desire to do a good job was ever-present. The chorus worked together to produce such works as "Gold Home" based on the New World Symphony by Dvorak, "Whitestown," an early American fuguing tune, a "Liebeslieder Waltz" by Brahms and their major piece, the last movement from Mendelssohn's oratorio Elijah, "And Then Shall Your Light."



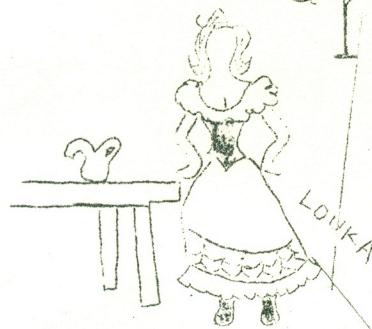
With the orchestra, the chorus gave many performances during the season, such as the radio broadcast at Torrington over WL-CR, the performance at music and dance night, and the concert on the Village Green at New Milford.

A lot of credit is due Denise Levinson and Jerry Pallen, who accompanied the singers.

But most of all, thanks to Dave and Jeanne for their hard work, and congratulations for outstanding achievements in musical activities at Buck's Rock in 1954.

JUDY LOCKER
EMMY PERL

arms and me



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"Tryouts for Arms and the Man by G. B. Shaw to be held at the stage at 2:00." Those words introduced me to Les and to dramatics this summer. I tried out because I liked dramatics, but I didn't expect that I would get a part in one of the greatest dramatic productions at Buck's Rock. At first I wasn't sure if Les would be a good person to work with, but after one hour of rehearsing, I admired the jovial and knowledge-filled director, and looked forward to working with him.

The cast became friendly quickly, which was only natural for people who worked together for two hours daily. We learned our lines after weeks of hard work and rehearsals, even meeting at night after lights-out and having line rehearsals on blankets spread out in front of "Function Junction."

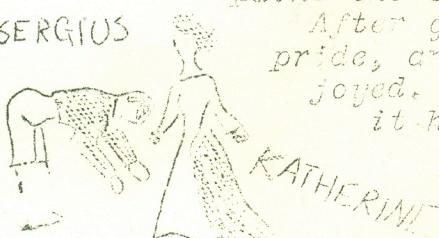
Yes, we worked hard, but we fooled around too! Les said we fooled too much, but the talking-to served not only the purpose of quieting us, but also of drawing the cast closer together.

Then we knew our lines, and some of our movements. Most camps' "dramatics" counselors would have been satisfied to put on the play in the condition it was in then. But not Les! Then, as he said, began the acting...and the work. Les was right. Sometimes we were so disgusted with walking up the stairs fifteen times or going through the door ten times that we said we would quit. But deep down we knew we couldn't quit...and that we wouldn't. Maybe I'm a cornball at heart, but I think that we all had sort of a "love" for the play and the art of dramatics. Maybe I'm wrong, but what was it that made the cast give up its one day off to paint the scenery? Not for "fun" I assure you!

After getting into shape we felt a great pride, and after it had been given, we felt overjoyed. Not because it was over, but because it had gone over well. We had a hit!

BEN "Nicola" APFELBAUM

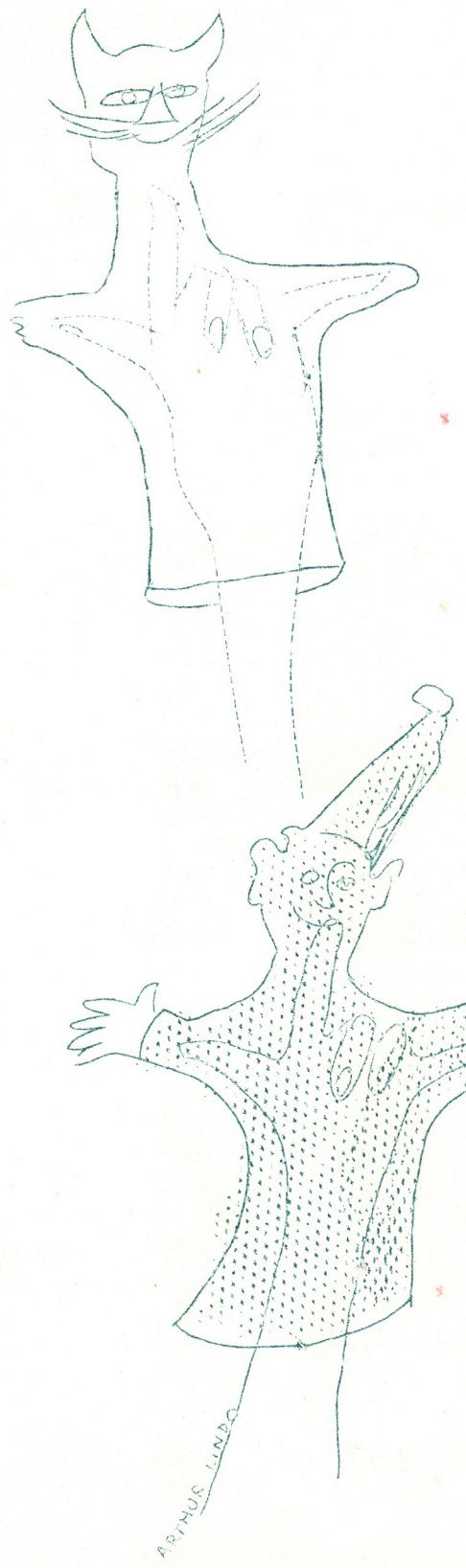
SERGIUS



SANDY



"...o, who can hold...
...in his hand..."



A group of enterprising girls, helped by Lynn Robbins, well-known as the jewelry counselor, undertook to supply an unexpected treat for the people at Festival this year in the form of a puppet play, "Mind Over Matter," a satire on love, by E. Starkley. The play is written in the style of the old Comedia dell'arte of the Middle Ages.

It took seven layers of paper mache to make the heads, which was the most difficult job. However, making the woolen hair and the puppets' hands also required a lot of work. "It was tough getting the girls together" said Lynn, "because they all had other activities going on at the same time." But this is an old story at Buck's Rock.

It seemed certain, as Festival approached, that all the hard work put into the puppet show would result in an entertaining and successful production.

MIKE GOODMAN

"...find out the cause of the effect..."

In response to requests from people who were here last summer, Ernie this year again conducted weekly psychology meetings.

He began the summer by discussing infancy and the adaptation of the child to his environment. Then he proceeded with the various stages a small child goes through - such as the dependence upon his parents and realizing what a vital part they play in his life, and then the realization of other objects and people making up the environment. As one meeting after another progressed, we learned how the child progresses, and how he experiences emotional and physical changes as he grows older. Some important changes occur when the child starts to go to school. The attitude of the parents toward the child usually changes then, too.

At a still later stage the youngster outgrows childhood and enters the period of adolescence. It is at this time that the most radical physical, emotional, and social changes take place. The individual also develops a set of values during adolescence. Parent and child relationships may become a bit trying, as a result of the changes that the adolescent is going through. Some of the problems that are common to adolescents were brought up in questions at the sessions, and were answered by Ernie and campers, during the discussions.

However, the individual outgrows this stage in his development, as he does others and becomes an adult. One whole session was devoted to discussing what makes maturity. With the growth of the person into a fully developed individual, Ernie concluded the psychology discussions for the summer.

JANE LASHINS

G

"The Eye Opener" stands for the Journalism class, a group of boys and girls who wanted experience to write for their school newspapers.

News and feature articles, editorials, and page make-up were discussed at the meetings of the journalism class.

"The Eye Opener," a daily paper giving important facts about the activities for the day and special flash stories, was organized to teach the members of the class, by constant practice, to write news stories.

At the first meeting, Richard Levy, the instructor, was telling the group what might be accomplished during the summer, when a little black mouse interrupted the meeting by catching the attention of Jacki Weinstein and Siu Duboff. The entire meeting was disturbed, but Dick used the mouse as the topic for the first assignment. Some wrote news stories and others wrote feature stories. This first writing assignment proved to be more than an exercise, for one of the features was printed in the next Weeder's Digest.

Assignments were given after second breakfast and were finished at snack time. Then we started typing, dummying, stenciling, and running off the page. The print shop, normally a very busy place, went mad between five and eight as the "Eye Opener" prepared its next edition.

MARCTA COHEN



G
"...learned
and conn'd
by rote"

"Can I learn to type?" I asked Paul, after I had signed the list of those wanting to join the typing class. I had been doing some typing, one finger, at about one word per minute. Paul Wolsk, who is a CIT in the wood shop, fitted into his schedule the instructing of a class in typing, during second lunch.

In the beginning there were a dozen or so persons who wanted to learn to type. Two groups, meeting on alternate days, were formed.

Paul started us with the home keys (to the un-typed certain keys on the typewriter, on which typists, and even tryers, place their fingers and move them to the other keys, then return them to these keys). We continued, and in a few weeks we had learned all the letters. Many soon dropped out of the class, for after learning, all one can do to improve, is to practise. Those who remained learned the numbers and symbols, and attained a greater typing speed.

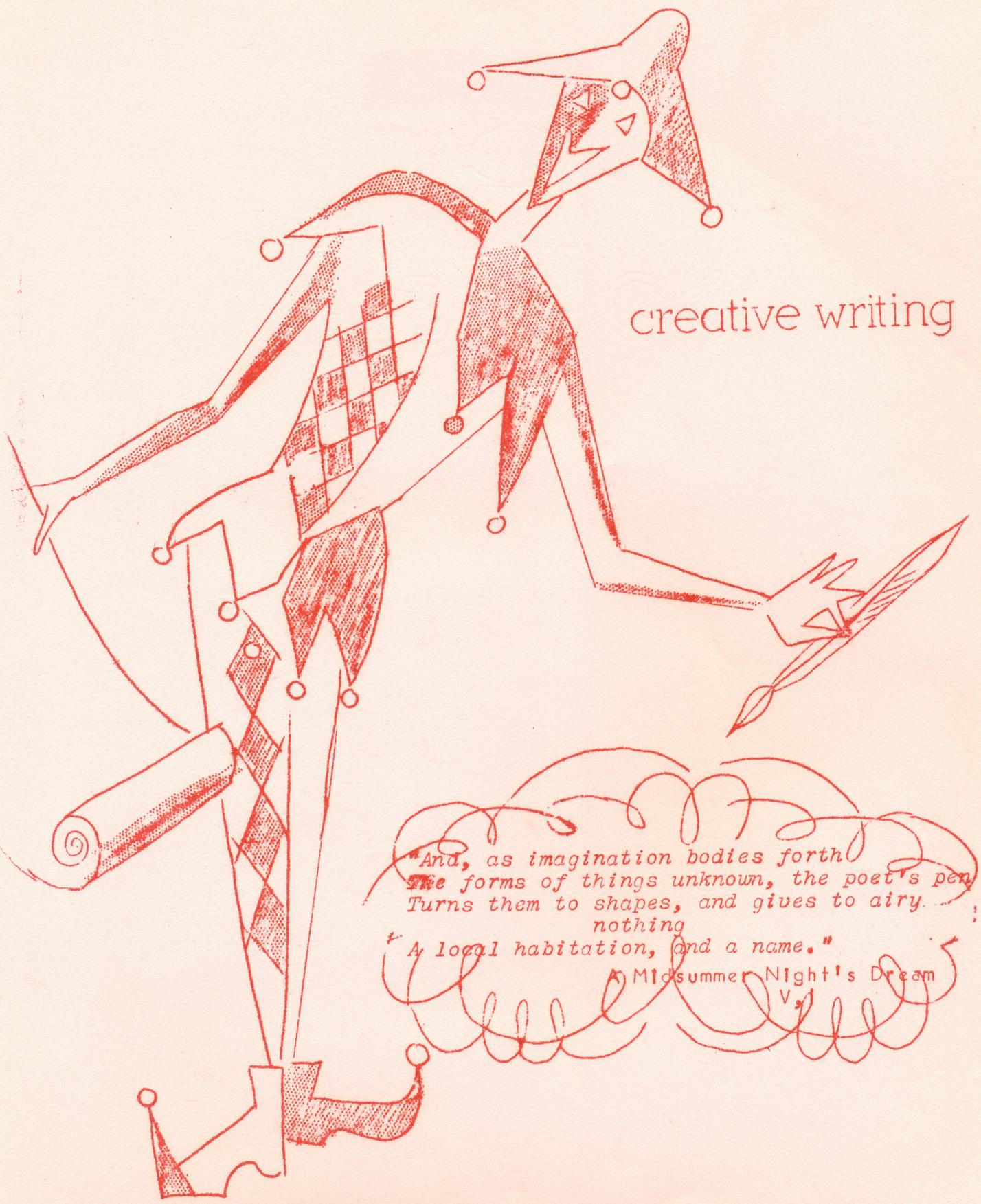
Throughout the summer a small group met to write and discuss, to read and to philosophize: this was the Creative Writing Group. Amid the greens and browns of grass and trees, with the setting sun touching the uppermost leaves of the trees, and the only sound, voices - now faint, now loud - from the near-by print shop, they wrote. They produced work on all kinds of subjects: they wrote about things they knew well and about things concerning which they knew nothing, but were full of questions and wonder.

In the beginning of August, they assembled their work, and put it out in the form of a booklet, Pencils and Thoughts. As this booklet showed, their writing was not restricted. They were given a topic, and then they expanded and branched out as they wished. Sometimes they had a choice of several topics as when one of the suggested topics was gamma globulin and all but one person wrote on the alternate, "What makes a man?" At other times they all wrote about one topic, as on the first night, "What do I see when I look into a mirror?" Some did not like their work, and discarded it, some kept it for themselves, some discussed it with Adele Weiss, the director of the group, and some read it to the group, where it was discussed and appreciated by everyone. The work which was kept was printed in the Weeder's Digest, or in Pencils and Thoughts, or in this Yearbook.

The group enjoyed working and writing and learned much in the process.

In the atmosphere of Buck's Rock, where creative work is encouraged in so many fields, it is easy to understand how creative writing provided an exciting experience for writers and readers alike.

KAY RIBACK
NANCY SPELMAN



creative writing

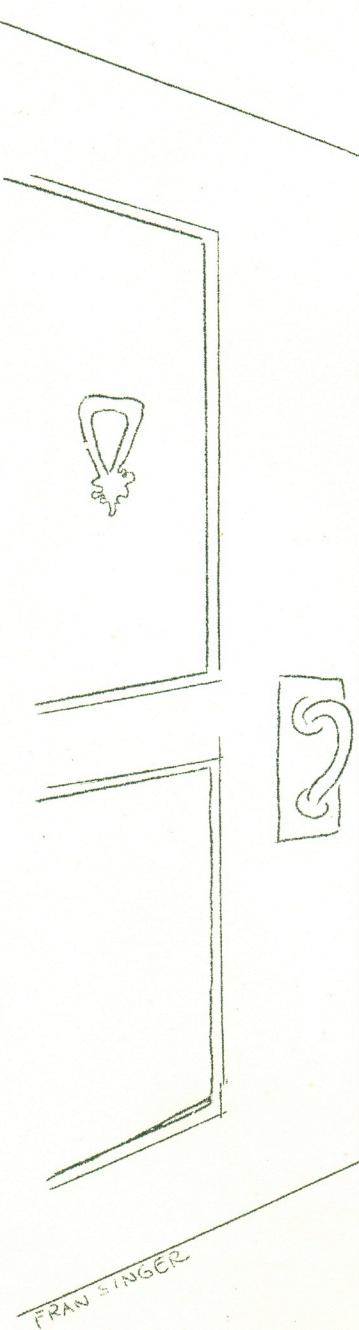
"And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing

"A local habitation, and a name."

A Midsummer Night's Dream

V

the *Door*



This was it! June Regan surveyed the massive white door critically. It had a large brass knocker, an old fashioned knob, and carving. The entrance to a new home! This door was the beginning of a new life for June. Not only a new house, but it was in a new neighborhood, a new state, even in a different part of the country.

June felt a little bit queer as she thought back over her life. For all of her fourteen years, she had lived in a ranch house in Van Nuys, California. There were no difficult adjustments to make. Here was security with all of her friends, a neighborhood in which she knew practically everyone and practically everyone knew her, and a school to which all of her friends went.

Now she wasn't quite sure what would happen. Before, she never had to worry about making new friends. She had grown up with the children living on her block.

Now all was different. She would be going to a new, unfamiliar school, with new teachers, and would be living in a new neighborhood. She tried hard to swallow the lump that had suddenly risen in her throat.

All of a sudden, she heard a familiar bark and something cold and wet rubbed against her hand. It was her cocker spaniel Pudge's nose. Then she heard the heavy steps of her father and the light ones of her mother on the walk in back of her.

"Well, here's the key, let's go on in," said her father.

Suddenly she felt new hope. Maybe life wouldn't be so bad after all. Especially with the constant secure feeling of having her parents and dog around.

Mr. Regan turned the key. The door opened and in they walked.

A small child,
Her hair still thin and babyish,
Walking towards a door,
Behind a broad, dark back.
A brilliant sunny day,
The golden river of soft sunlight
Poring full in the door,
A steady, unbroken stream.
The brilliant startling green,
A symphony with gaily colored accents.
A tree of darker green,
Its maiden robes
Caressed by a loving mother,
The sun, whose tender fingers
Reach down and jewel her daughter's hair and neck.
The cruff father, breeze,
Gently ruffling and adjusting
The not yet perfect attire.
A flock of flowers,
Yellow, red, blue,
The aunts and uncles,
Nodding and bowing soberly prodded by the
overanxious father.
And the little child,
Standing in wonder before this scene,
with her hand in a larger,
But equally gentle one,
Catches her breath for an instant,
And continues on his way.

Memories

by kay riback

The country

She was sitting on the slope of a hill, the wind blowing gently through her hair. Her eyes shone with delight and excitement as she gazed down on the magnificent scene below. A clear, sparkling brook was meandering its way through the valley. The sky was a splurge of brilliant colors, as the setting sun dropped behind the mountains.

Her name was Carie. She lived in a large, musty city, with filthy streets and crowded tenement houses, where empty lots, narrow winding streets and other hazardous areas were the children's playing grounds. This summer she was invited by a kindly old lady to live on her farm. This was certainly a rare privilege, as neither she nor her companions had ever been in the country.

To Carie, the summer months passed by quickly, every moment filled with sheer enjoyment. Of course there were the everyday chores to be done, but she didn't mind these as she loved the invigorating, fresh country air. While gathering eggs she would breathe deeply and draw in the clean, sweet scent of newly cut hay. She proudly observed the growth of the young animals under her patient care. All the while she realized that this wonderful form of life would soon end, and she would have to return to her dingy, stuffy apartment in the city. Finally, the last day did arrive. As usual, Carie watched the setting sun. Today, however, there was a gleam of sorrow in her eyes. She gripped a little worn suitcase and glanced around at the fertile pastures and grazing cattle. Then, as if reluctant to tear herself away, she ran up the hill toward the farmhouse.

LOIS ENGELSON

The leaves did rustle
The trees did sway
I fell in love
In my own sort of way.

Not once in a lifetime
Are two loves the same
Sometimes it's wild
But most times it's tame.

Today I'm unhappy,
Tomorrow - gay,
Yes, I'm in love
In my own sort of way.

But my sort of love
Is deep in my heart
And I'll never forget it,
Though we will soon part.

Each gentle kiss,
I'll never regret
For this, my first love
I'll never forget.

For I'm the right girl
And he's the right boy,
We're meant for each other,
Yes, love is a joy!

MARGIE WEIL

First
Love

Fear

To be afraid
To long for night
And yet, to run from the black
To wait and to want.

We are all so afraid--
Of the very little things,
Of great gigantic ones
We all fear life
None want death
Most fear love.

We are all afraid to speak the truth
We don't allow others to share
The deepest of our feelings
We hide the things
That mean a lot
Hide them with a mask--
And the mask becomes thick
The layers bunch up
Till love becomes hate
Good becomes bad--

All this is fear.

JUDY LOCKER

Fanglewood

hearken with ears open
listeners on the green lawn

so the music sweep you clean
as wind on a dusty street

lifts you to cavernous resounds
violin piercing

quiet and green pervades
and people everywhere

the music stilled
we leave

JOAN KINZER
SUE LARSEN

My place of secrets

When my heart swells so full of thoughts that I think it will burst, I feel my sensations cannot be expressed in words. I cannot find consolation in my mother, or my best friend, my diary, or even myself. I turn to my place of secrets.

A babbling brook runs underneath the bridge, made of three logs and boards securely fastened. The place is open, and full of sun. I feel the wonderful, tingling cold water on my feet. I jump suddenly when I see a chipmunk dart fearfully from the brush on either side of the brook. I wade through the water, slip on the rocks, and my heart then bursts with joy, and all my happy thoughts come pouring out, although they cannot be heard. I turn to a large pipe that runs underneath the road. The brook goes through the bottom with a rushing sound and the bottom is slimy and horrible to the touch of my feet as I run through the pipe. Overhead large webs of mist and dirt hang, and all my feelings of fear come gushing out, although they, too, are silent.

And then to my place of all places, where all my sentimental feelings come sweeping through my heart. I feel dramatic and a blanket of romance covers my world.

But, then my dog comes crashing down the wood end bank, and I am thrown back into a real world, one, without secret hopes and dreams.

I go running home and my heart is too full of gloe for secret thoughts.

SUE LESHOWITZ

Inward I cried
For the smile on his face
For the haunt in his eyes
Oh the rack of the mace-
Of those memoried eyes
That lived in the past
So tired of lies
Their pain numbed at last.

Past lies of love, hope-
Now he's waiting for death
And he wears a neat coat
And talks with strange breath.

The smile cracks patient
Beneath dead living eyes
No one cares if he lives
Who will care when he dies?

Oh his look, it does haunt you
And perhaps you should clap
When he finishes playing
Has he made the last lap?

Is he done for tonight
Oh, someone applaud
-But of course no one does
And life here has closed
Too much at foundations
Of values and hopes
It would make little difference
If a few weak sappy dopes
Felt it decent to clap
To faintly brave
No, you'd only look silly
And you really don't know---

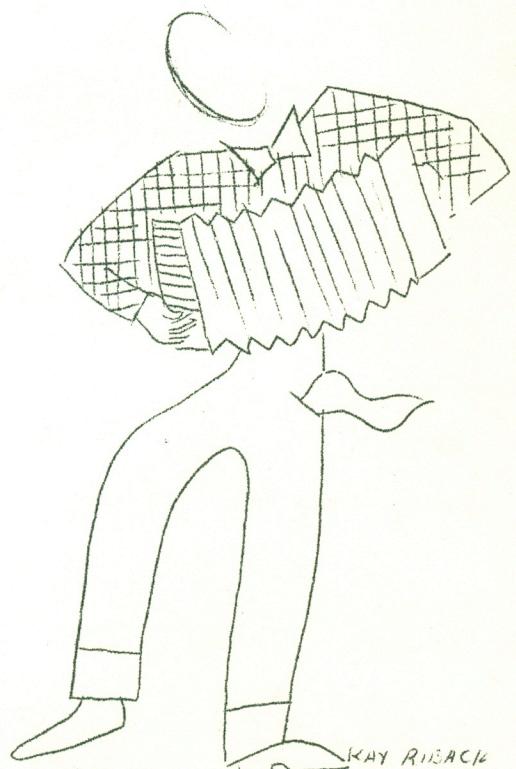
But I'll tell you, it's funny
I stayed late that night
I waited outside
It almost was light
Before I took notice
Two men had pushed in
Unresolved seconds passed
There had been no din

And when he came out
They were talking quite low
All he held was his cap
And I never did know.....

Oh, he went from my life
Yes he passed from my map
But I've always been sorry
That I never did clap.

the Accordianist

by Wendy-Jean Hetkin



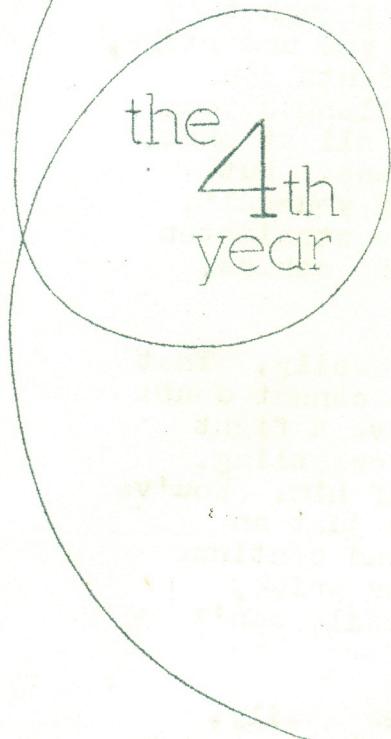
Challenge

Life is a series of challenges. Some are big and some are small. Some may be important to you, even though they seem quite insignificant to others. Each task you undertake, each person you meet, each place you visit presents you with problems and obstacles, and therefore challenges you. Sometimes they seem to pile up and come at you all at once. You want to run away from everything and everyone. But you know that you can't. You must take hold of yourself, square your shoulders, and make up your mind to straighten things out. Each one must be separated from the others, thought out, and then solved.

Many times a challenge can be recognized easily. That is, it presents itself in such a form that you cannot doubt for one moment that it is a challenge. You have a fight with your friend and he wants to settle it by wrestling. You don't hate him, in fact you're very fond of him. You've been close friends for a long time and this is just an unimportant quarrel. But you cannot say no, and continue as if nothing had happened. For yourself, your pride, you must wrestle with him. Even though you really don't want to, you accept the challenge.

Often a challenge can not be recognized so easily. You're taking a math test, in fact, it happens to be a very important examination. One part involves choosing three examples. You've chosen two, and you have to do one more. You try one example, but you just can't seem to solve the equation. Common sense, time, and all other reasonable and rational things tell you to try the other problem, and if you can do it, your troubles will all be over. But your eyes just won't read that other problem, even though you manage to focus them on it. Unwillingly you return to the equation and continue looking for the solution. Your friends get up to leave, the teacher announces the time (there are only five minutes left), but still you keep on. You know you'd have a chance, but you just won't take it. You continue searching and staring at the same example until the examination ends. It was a challenge and you had to meet it.

MARGIE ROSE



the
4th
year

W

hen you return to this place for the fourth time, as you had not thought you would, you are in a new position in a new building with new and different responsibilities. You are a house counselor now, and you are regarded as a counselor in your shop, although in name you have not reached this status.

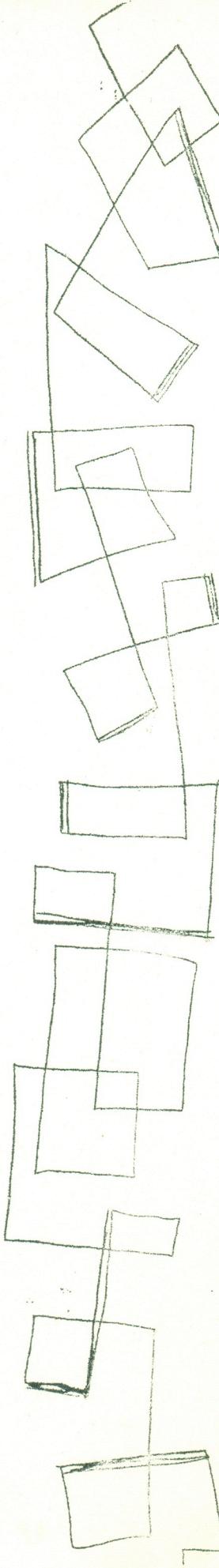
You arrive during pre-season to publish the introductory booklet; this year you will have to manage it yourself, for you are the only one in your new shop. Few people are at the place during pre-season; fewer whom you know. You realize that you will miss your good friends of former years, and that you will have to find other friends and other activities to take their place.

When you have told the old and new campers what will be in store for the summer, you begin the year's work in your shop. You have a new counselor in your shop now, and you are on an equal plane with some who for years have been above you.

You cannot help comparing this year to those which have come before you. What is missing? What is better? You miss the spirit of the people who are no longer here, and you relish the weekends when they come up to visit and bring part of what you know to be Buck's Rock back with them.

You decide to help, in some remote aspect, to bring the old spirit back: you take guitar lessons. You had falsely stated that during the preceding year you could sit on the grass and strum a guitar. It is now a reality, and you long for the old people to sing and strum with you; to laugh at your mistakes; to joke about your clumsiness on the strings. You cannot play well, you know, but it is wonderful to hear the chords sound above a host of singing voices. It makes something well up inside you and you feel that the spirit has not gone; it is still here. And you are helping it survive.

You organize a class to teach journalism, and you decide that the best way to teach it is by publishing a newspaper - a daily. And so you and a small band of pioneers forfeit your evening activities to publish a one-page "Eye-Opener," which brings the news of the birth of a calf an hour after it occurs, and which publishes a conclusive storm report to the camp. The little paper incurs the displeasure of those who feel that it is taking you from your other work, and the staff must disband until after the big Yearbook is done. You admit that now



You admit that now you can enjoy your evenings, though you miss the deadline.

You have made new friends -- enriching friends, of a different sort from those who are no longer here. You have pleasant evenings sitting with them and talking and they enjoyably while away your time.

As a house counselor you are faced with new responsibilities and problems. You become involved with the lives of others and they regard you as their adviser on many types of problems. Often you long for the help of others more experienced in such matters than you, and despite the shortness of your years, you endeavor to solve problems which threaten the **success** of the summer for your charges. They seem to like you, and you value their friendship. Perhaps you are yet too immature to hold this position; often you do things that those who are **older** frown upon, and yet you have done what you thought right. Time will tell, you feel, and in your new role as counselor of those younger than you, you have gained something enriching in your life; you thank these people for it.

The summer approaches its close, and you stop to evaluate it. It has been a rewarding year; you have gained much, and, you hope, given something to the place where you have spent four pleasant summers. You cannot help longing for Festival and rejoicing that it is here, and that you and your old friends can talk and sing and remember the years recorded only in small books with white binding around them. You want to do the things that you used to do, and sing the **songs** that you used to sing, and revisit the places where you loved to spend your time.

But you realize that this cannot be, that what is past can never return, and that you must do with the present all you can do; you must relish the visits of your old friends not as souvenirs of the past, but as new events in a continually new future. You cannot bring back the days of the white binding, and this year, when for the first time the yearbook on which you worked so hard has a black binding, you must start anew, and value the things which you have gained this year, and treasure them.

Buck's Rock is still Buck's Rock, you say, and the spirit is still there. Altered, perhaps, because of the new faces and personalities, but still a living factor that makes this place different from others. You can never enumerate all that you have derived here, the maturity and independence that this place has brought you. You realize its faults, for you are more mature than you were, and you take them into account. But you cannot forget what it has done for you, and the friends it has brought you; these you will never lose. Your friends come up for Festival; friends you have made here, and you leave the place, after others have gone home, with a warm feeling inside you. It has been another fine year, and you will leave the place with much more than you came four years before -- so long before.

It has been good, very good.

"He shall have a noble memory."

Man has the power of change.
He can produce or destroy.
Nothing can undo change he has wrought.

Death must come--an empty thing;
The dead disappear forever.
Void remains.

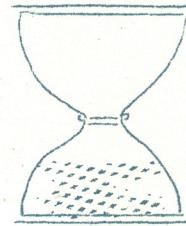
Sorrow soon ends.
The dead are forgotten.
Their friends have other things,
More important things
To remember.

Yet all is not for naught.
Man does have some real purpose.
He does not plod from birth to death
To fade from memory,
To vanish.

Deeds must live--potent things.
They last long after the doer;
And more important.

Man has the power of change.
He can produce or destroy.
Nothing can undo change he has wrought.

JAMES R. LEHRICH



*T*ime

Time goes on: A new day comes, it grows older with each second, each minute.

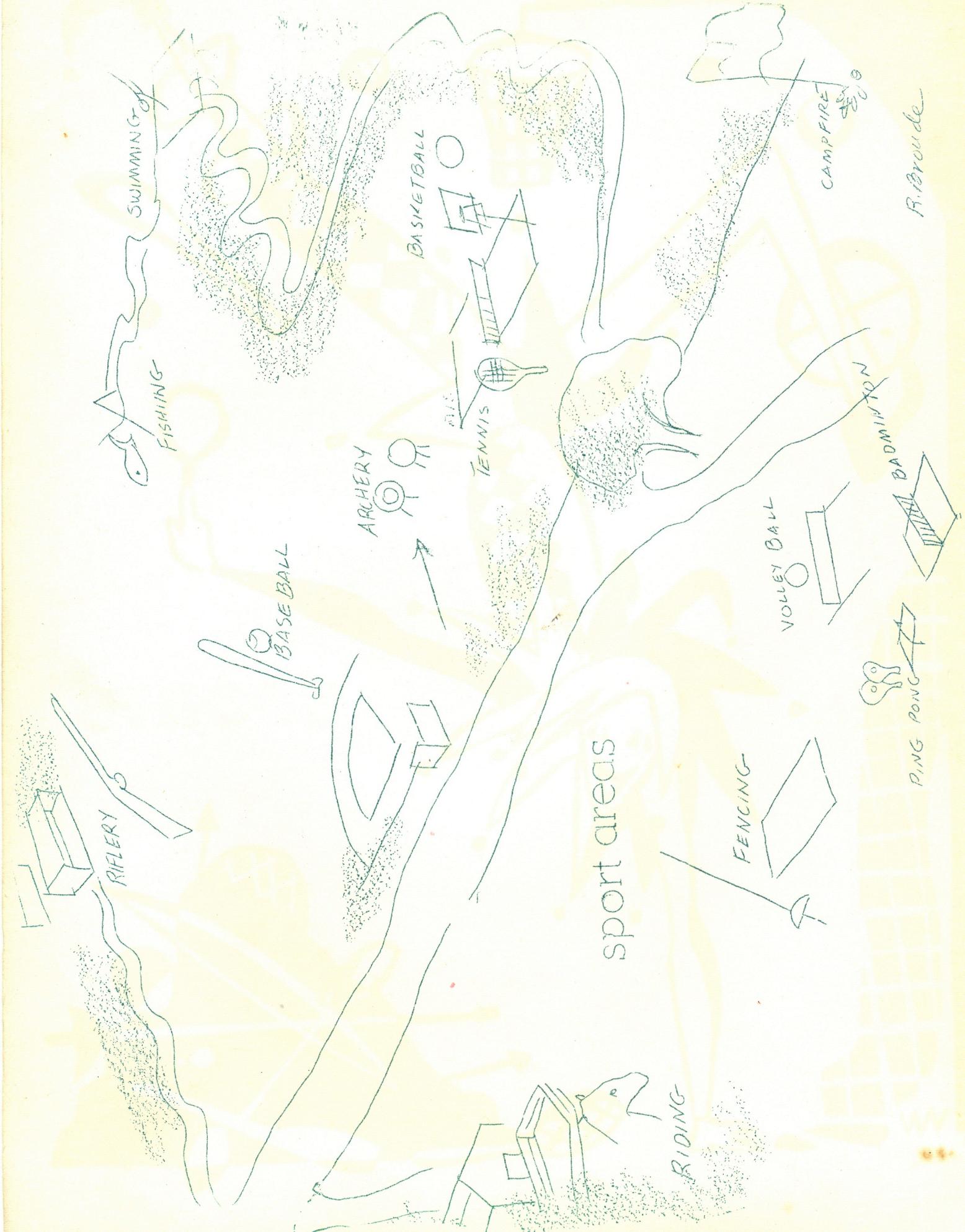
Time goes on: The sun sets, the day ends, it will never come again.

Time goes on: The wind passes, but it will return to rustle the leaves. The tide washes out from a barren beach, but it returns to sweep over the grains of sand.

Time goes on: All these things will pass again, but the day is lost to us forever. Each second that passes can never be relived.

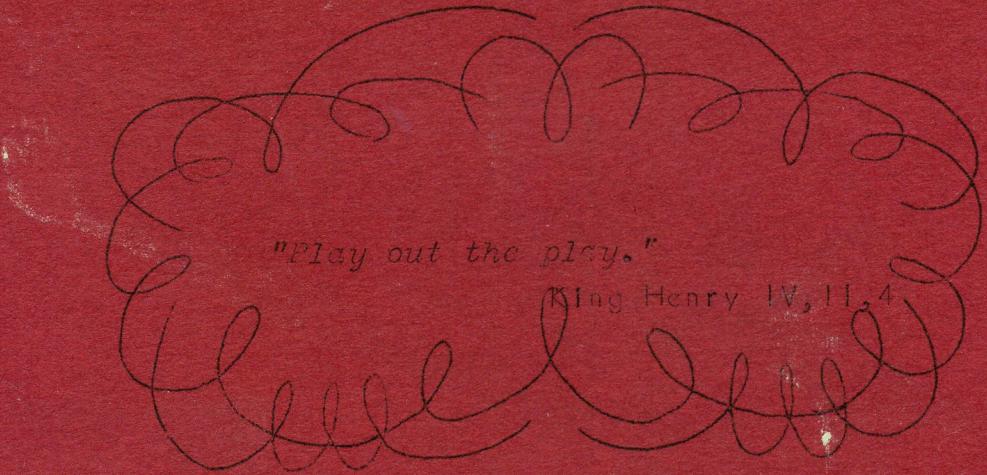
Time goes on: Oh, if only I could hold it in the palm of my hand! But, it is intangible, and as I reach to grasp it, it slips through my fingers.

LUCY SILVAY
PATTI WEINSTEIN





SPORTS

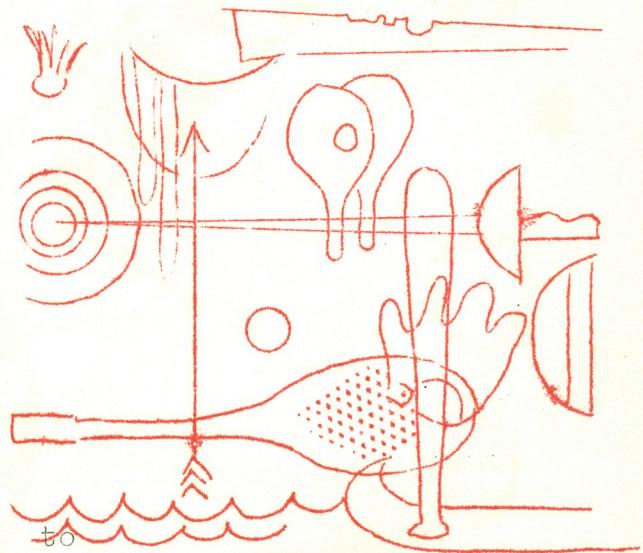


"Play out the play."

King Henry IV, II, 4

P

rom a hot game of basketball to a cool swim in our pond, the sports program this year was varied and worthwhile. Some may remember the baseball games with New Milford as the high point of the year, and the closeness and excitement of each game. For others, perhaps reaching a high score in riflery has a greater meaning. And some will say that there is nothing like serving in tennis, shooting in basketball, or slamming in ping-pong. Be this as it may, the sports teach skills while they entertain. Some teach coordination, such as fencing, and some, like volleyball, teach working together as a team. While the camp busily hummed with work, it took time off to partake in sports and enjoy the relaxation and feeling of fulfillment that sports have brought in this eventful summer.



fencing

Those who have participated in fencing this summer under the direction of Elsa (Fency) Walburg, have mastered all the footwork, and have learned the major parries and the primary attacks.

Two fencing tournaments, one for boys, and one for girls, were held. Both of these were Round-Robin tournaments in which everyone fenced everyone else, and the victor was the person who won the most bouts.

At the fencing exhibition at Festival there will be fencing maneuvers (foil fencing) and fencing courtesy (fencing handshakes and salutes.) There will also be formation fencing, and also some novelty (humorous) fencing. In addition, there will be a typical fencing lesson and a fencing bout. The complete fencing program will give a visual demonstration of the wonderful progress the fencers have made during the summer.

MIKE GOODMAN

riding

Never in the history of Buck's Rock have so many prizes been won at a horse show by the campers. Everyone who rode was awarded at least one prize and several received more. Those who rode in the Litchfield Horse Show were:

Rima Berg

4th-pony hacks

6th-local children's horsemanship

Hedy Harris

3rd-local children's horsemanship

Amy Kovner

5th-children's hacks

3rd-local bridlepath hacks
honorable mention-local children's horsemanship

Marilyn Margulies

3rd-local children's horsemanship

Carolyn Warnow

2nd-children's hacks

Winnie Winston

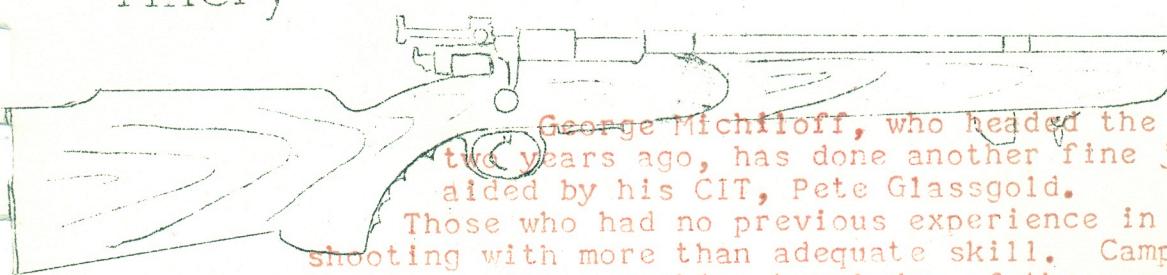
5th-horsemanship

honorable mention-local children's horsemanship

When asked about progress in riding, Red, the instructor, said that all the campers have done very well this summer. Much credit is also due to Steve Fleischer, groom, and Carolyn Warnow, riding CIT.

GINA AVERSA
HEDY HARRIS

riflery



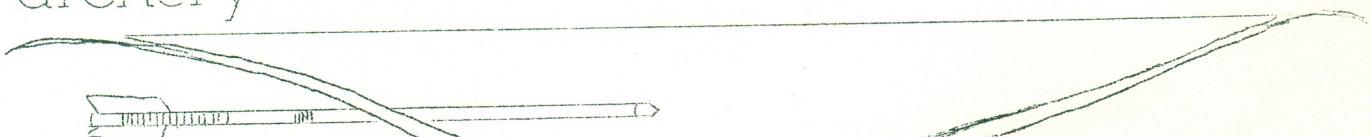
George Michelfoff, who headed the riflery staff two years ago, has done another fine job this year, aided by his CIT, Pete Glassgold.

Those who had no previous experience in riflery are now shooting with more than adequate skill. Campers who started the year with a working knowledge of the sport are now crack shots. This vast improvement program, plus the shooting for N.R.A. awards, has made the rifle range a very busy place this year. Seventy-four participated in riflery this summer, and out of these fifty-four will receive or have already received, at least one N.R.A. medal.

The main purposes of the rifle range are to develop skills in marksmanship, especially for N.R.A. qualifications; to teach sportsmanship, and rules of fair play to the shooters, this being especially important when the danger element is so high.

TERRY DAVIDSON

archery

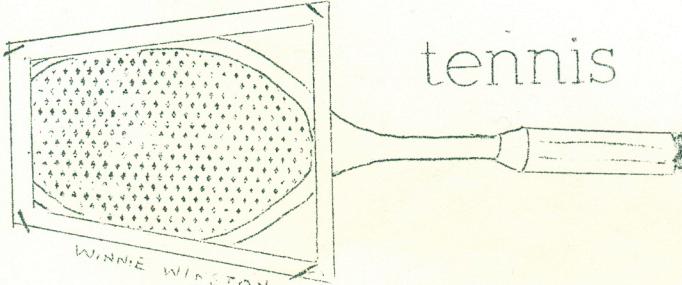


"Archery is an activity which develops patience and poise in the individual, which he can get more than from other sports," said Dutch, the adviser in archery. She is assisted by CIT Ruth Stone.

There has been a large turnout, about forty people, for archery this year. Those who have won ratings set up by the National Camp Archery Association are: Al Cohen, Sam Siegal, Ira Miller, Marvin Karp, Billy Greene, and Barry Wachtel. This year the tournament was won by Robert Freedman, with Billy Greene a close second.

RUTH STONE

tennis



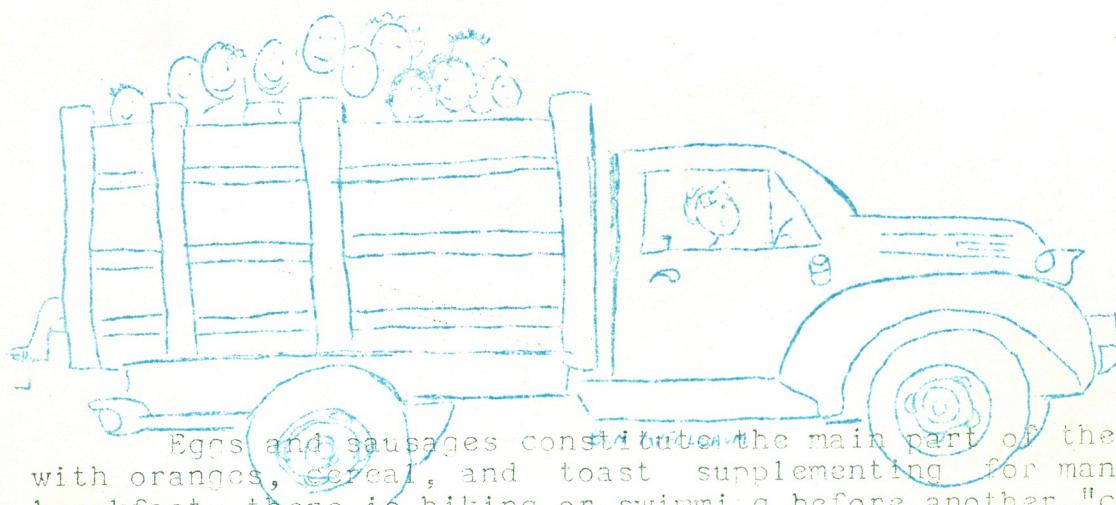
Under the direction of Joan "Sexy" O'Rourke, tennis was this summer one of the most popular sports in camp. Divided into three groups, campers have come to their lessons more consistently this year, and Paul Bloch arranged four individual tennis tournaments for the enthusiasts of the sport.

The evening before an overnight hike, the big blue truck is washed down and swept before being loaded. The dry goods and unperishable equipment are loaded by Elinor "Dutch" Mayer, Dick Israel, and Mike Philips. The next morning, after breakfast, the food and then the personal equipment of the campers are packed. The crew of approximately twenty-five sets out at 10:00 for either Mt. Tom or Macedonia Brook. These areas along with Black Rock and Housatonic Meadows are state parks frequented by the campers.

Lunch is served from the back of the truck by Dutch. Swimming is enjoyed in the afternoon before a steak dinner.

The campers spread their sleeping bags or blanket rolls on the ground and sleep under the stars, unless it dares to rain. In case of rain tarpaulins are used. The campers sleep as late as they wish, but that isn't late, because they're up and around at six or seven in the morning.

" 'tis a naughty night



Eggs and sausages constitute the main part of the breakfast with oranges, cereal, and toast supplementing for many. After breakfast there is hiking or swimming before another "chuckwagon" style lunch. The campsite is then cleared of rubbish before the truck is repacked for an exciting ride home and a rousing chorus of "We're Here Because We're Here".

Another aspect of Buck's Rock outings is the canoe trips. Dutch drives the campers to Squantz Pond, a state park, where they take out canoes. After canoeing a while, they come back to a "chuck-wagon" style lunch.

In the afternoon they return to their canoes and either paddle around the lake or swim off a sandy beach. At about 3:00 they get out of their bathing suits and into campclothes for the ride home. Long after, they will remember the bathing suits, towels, socks, shirts, and even shoes hanging from the hoops of the big blue truck.

DICK ISRAEL
MIKE PHILIPS

to swim in

One of the most popular activities at Buck's Rock is swimming, under Osanna's direction. When the blistering sun shines down on Buck's Rock, the most likely place to go is the swimming hole. After the long walk through the woods with all the bugs biting, you reach the swimming place, hot and sweating. As you get closer you hear everybody screaming, "The water is liquid ice!" and you suddenly decide you're not quite as hot as you thought.

For the next half hour you are busy toe-dipping until somebody dares you and you jump in just to prove you're brave.

Once in, you find the water really isn't too cold. (By this time you're so numb, you can't feel anything anyway.)

At last you hear Dutch cry, "Last truck leaving!" You run to the truck, jump aboard and start the treacherous trip back.

Those who are serious about learning to swim properly come down to the waterfront in the morning for swimming and life-saving classes. Ending the summer with a water show on the day before Festival, Osanna has headed an active and enjoyable swimming program.

The Tanglewood overnight wasn't any ordinary hike. It was the biggest overnight of the season. We left camp and headed for Torrington where our radio show took place. There we waited for Dutch and the others.

Everybody was feeling saddle-sore and weary when we rolled into Beul Lake, our campsite for the night. Finally, all the knapsacks were opened and everybody changed into bathing suits for a swim. The swimming there wasn't as good as it is at Buck's Rock, because the water was full of seaweed, but we enjoyed ourselves nevertheless. Some of the kids rented boats and went out boating.

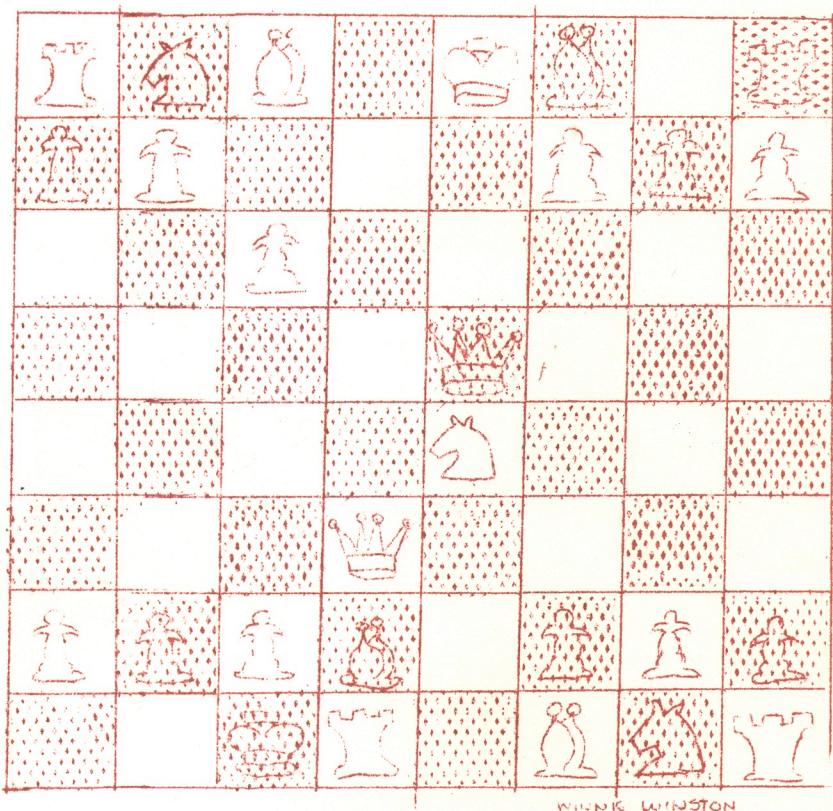
We returned to the campsite refreshed, and were greeted by the tantalizing smell of steak and onions. After a delicious dinner we piled into the truck and rumbled off to Great Barrington to see "Living It Up," with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

We drove back to Beul Lake and after a short discussion about the movie and a few wrestling matches, we went to sleep.

The next morning we woke up again to the smell of food, but this time it was eggs and sausages. Breakfast was followed by a nice swim to wash up. Then we started for Tanglewood and a new adventure, all resulting in a wonderful overnight.

The ancient game of chess has reached a new peak of popularity at Buck's Rock. This year, more than ever, it has been a familiar sight to see people standing, sitting, lying or kneeling around chessboards. In comparison to last year, this year's tournament was a greater success, for not only was the competition keener, but also there was more interest in the game.

chess



Jerry Stoller, the organizer of the tournament, is himself gifted with great skill in the game. The tournament was run by means of elimination. That is, the players form pairs, and play each other. Then the winners again form pairs, and again play each other. This is continued until only two players are left. These two play each other, and the victor is the winner of the tournament.

A checker tournament, also organized by Jerry Stoller, along similar lines, took place this summer with thirty-two participants.

LOUIS JAGERMAN

...we came, saw, and overcame...

Softball at Buck's Rock is a very popular sport. We have a varsity team which is composed of campers, CIT's, and ~~junior~~ counselors, and a League composed solely of campers. This year the Watermelon League was made up of four teams, each of which played twelve games. Team three, which came in first, received a watermelon as an award. Plaques will be given out to the best hitter, pitcher, and most valuable player, at the last campfire.

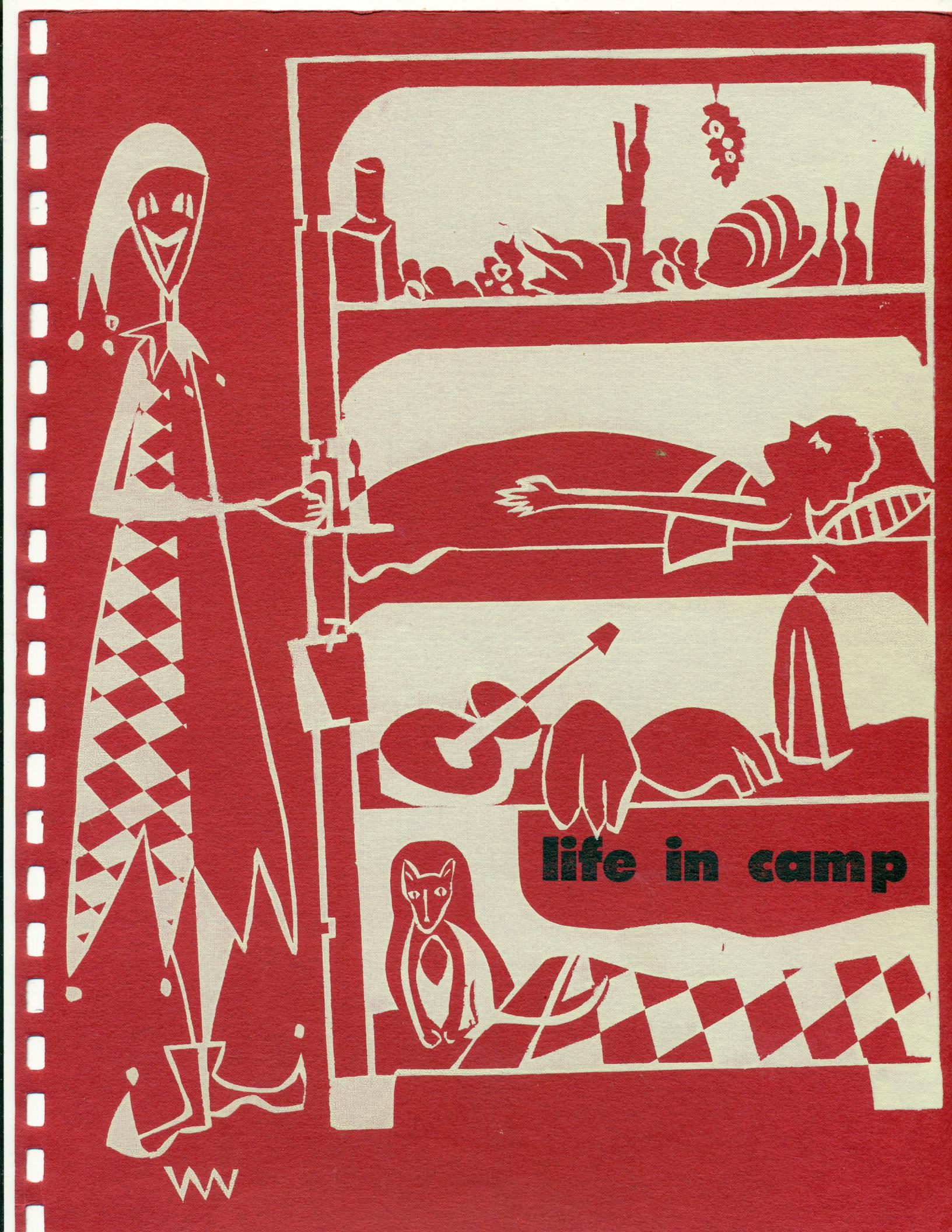
The varsity softball team, run by George Michiloff, is made up of thirteen players. The team played ten games this summer. The team was sparked by the pitching of Terry Davidson.

Another event which took place in the way of softball was the camper-counselor game. Two games were played, both of which were won by the campers.

12-7 and 7-6. The outstanding players for the campers were Mil Zucker and Steve Silver.

At the annual hardball game between Buck's Rock hardball varsity and the New Milford American Legion, New Milford won, 4-3, in five innings.

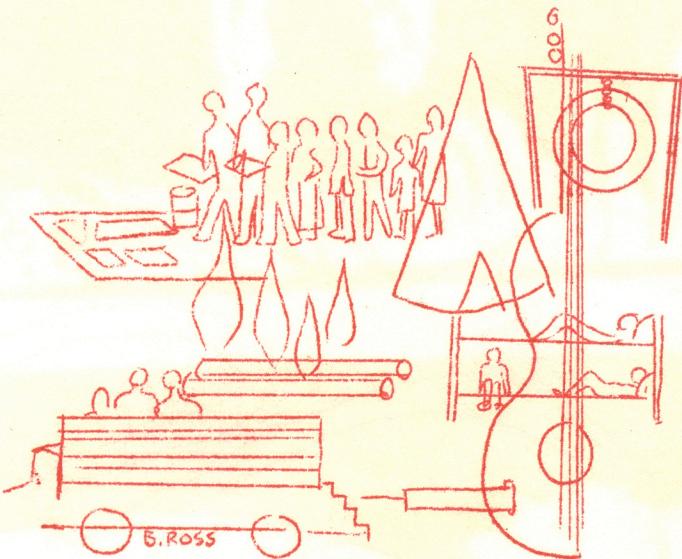




life in camp

"If this were played upon a stage now,
I could condemn it as an improbable
fiction."

Twelfth Night, 111,

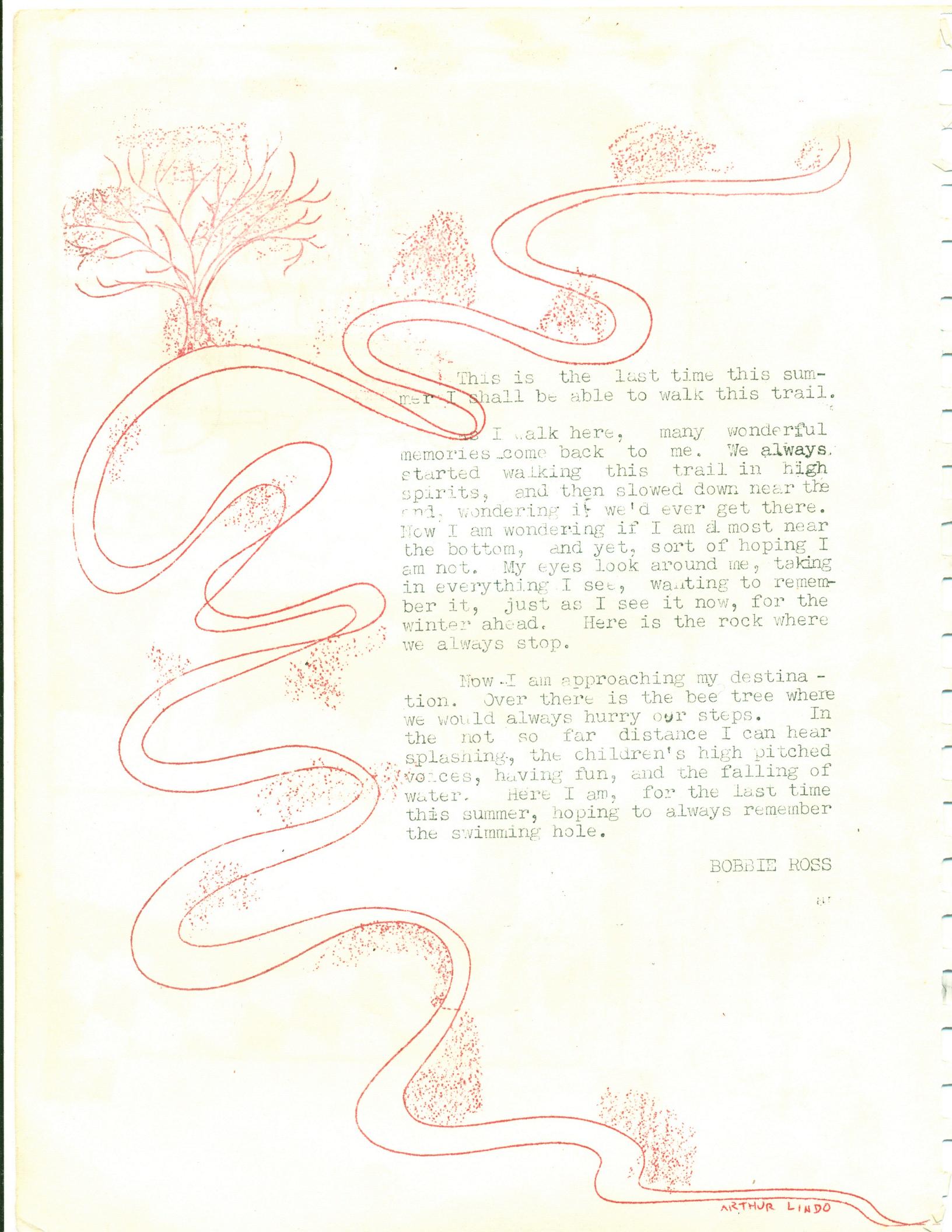


A

lthough the shops, the farms, and the cultural activities provided enjoyment, relaxation, and opportunities for learning, many other things have entered into our lives at Buck's Rock this summer - those unscheduled things which weren't announced at meals, which everybody did and nobody thought about.

The occurrences of the day like walking to town under the broiling sun, compiling the master list every Thursday morning, and bailing out the Boy's House basement when it rained, were major parts of our lives in camp. Even the little happening in the houses like talking after lights-out having pillow, powder, and perfume fights, and waking up bunkmates in the morning meant more than they seemed to at the time.

Not just the work, not just the recreation, but these and the little every-day incidents added together made up our "Life in Camp."



This is the last time this summer I shall be able to walk this trail.

As I walk here, many wonderful memories come back to me. We always started walking this trail in high spirits, and then slowed down near the end, wondering if we'd ever get there. Now I am wondering if I am almost near the bottom, and yet, sort of hoping I am not. My eyes look around me, taking in everything I see, wanting to remember it, just as I see it now, for the winter ahead. Here is the rock where we always stop.

Now I am approaching my destination. Over there is the bee tree where we would always hurry our steps. In the not so far distance I can hear splashing, the children's high pitched voices, having fun, and the falling of water. Here I am, for the last time this summer, hoping to always remember the swimming hole.

BOBBIE ROSS

81



Walking to town

"Hurry up, the truck is going in a few minutes!"

We signed out, grabbed another dollar to waste in New Milford, but when we reached the road the truck was pulling out and someone from the front seat called, "Sorry—we can't take any campers."

We were slightly discouraged but still determined. After all, we told ourselves, "It's not really a long walk; just around the corner."

A few corners later found us still walking along the lovely country road, a little wilted by this time, but with a chocolate soda in mind, we kept up a steady pace.

We finally made it! We had spent most of our energy, but still determined, we managed to drag ourselves to Hipp's to conquer our insatiable appetites with a splurge.

After stuffing ourselves sufficiently we decided to do our shopping—food for the bunk (though naturally by this time we could hardly bear the thought of food). Then of course there were a few things we had promised to bring our ill-equipped bunkmates.

After checking off every item on our ten foot list, we thought we would take a little stroll around the town; maybe stopping at the impressive library, but we found ourselves too laden to even budge.

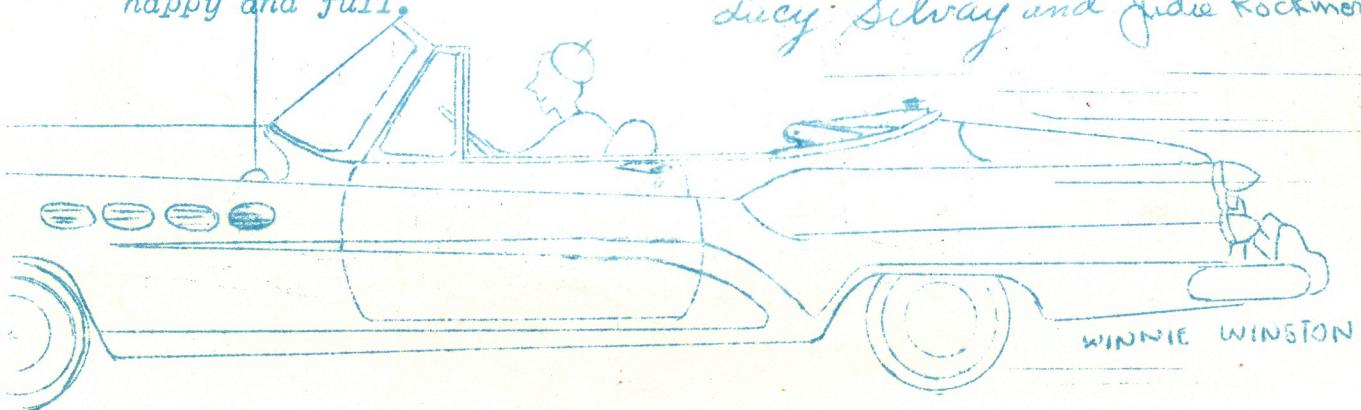
Then it hit us! We still had the long walk home. This thought was quite fatiguing, so up to Auerbach's for some ready energy—another soda.

Time was catching up on us; we had to be back in time for lunch, which was in half an hour; so we began the dreaded walk to camp, as you have probably guessed, much less determined.

A few paces out of New Milford is a tall tree with shading branches (where no doubt you have stopped); that is where on this particular day you would have found us. Luckily for us, someone did. Many cars passed but to our surprise a white convertible stopped and a familiar voice told us, "You'd better hop in or you'll miss lunch." Who were we to argue? So we got in beside Ernie.

We couldn't believe that what seemed to be an unending walk could take such a few minutes by car. Before we knew it, the car was climbing the dirt road and we were there; tired, happy and full.

Lucy Silvay and Julie Rockmore



B

Boys in bathing suits and shorts, some wearing rubber and some barefoot, scooping buckets of dirty water out of the Boys House cellar, may sound a little strange, but that was what happened on the night of the big storm. Just a little while before this, people were calmly lined up for first dinner, when the sky suddenly darkened, and the wind blew furiously, and the rain came down in torrents. All the houses had a pretty wet time of it. Then the electric lights obligingly went out and flashlights and lanterns had to be used. As for the CIT tents, many were concerned whether they would stand up in the gale.

The Boys House cellar was flooded, and hence the bucket line. About five buckets were used, some of them without handles, to the evident annoyance of those on the bucket lines. The bucket brigade consisted of two lines. The first people engaged in scooping water from the Boys House cellar, passing it from one person to the next until the buckets got to the nearby woods, where they were emptied and were then passed back on the second line so that more water could be scooped out.

In general, the bucket line worked very hard and effectively. There were a few however, who seemed more interested in getting each other wet than in getting the cellar dry. The bucket line stopped only because it was bed-time, for even then they were still enthusiastic about bailing water from the Boys House cellar.

MIKE GOODMAN



for the rain it raineth every day

One might think that when the rain comes rushing down in torrents at Buck's Rock, all there is for one to do is to sit on one's posterior and count the raindrops. But this is not so.

Immediately you will find a commotion of scurrying people, animals and counselors running for shelter, closing windows, and putting down tent flaps before the rain completely floods our steadfast indomitable tents.

The only activity with which the rain interferes is farming. Our hardy farmers need not be too disappointed when they think of the vast good the rain does for the crops.

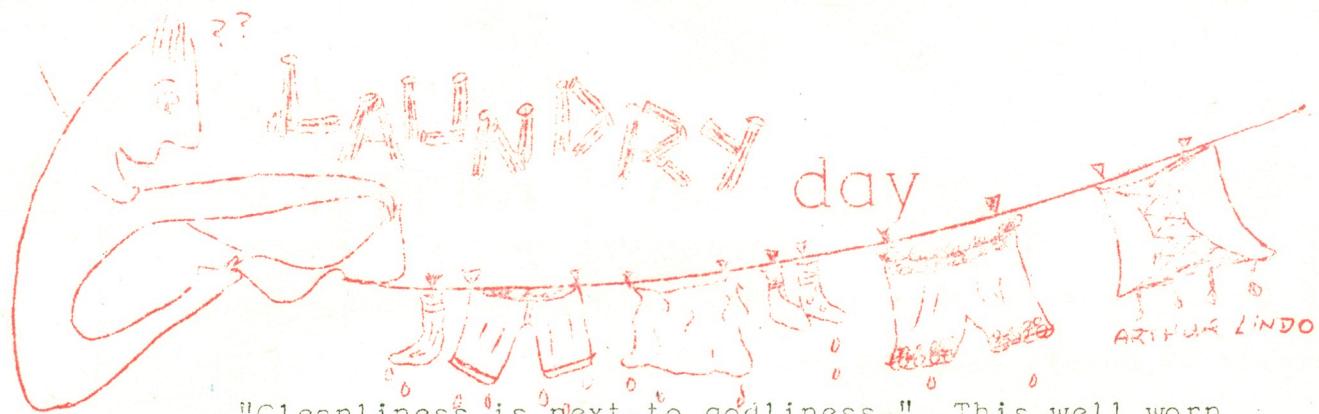
The shop's activity flourishes during the rain. Many times the shop's are overcrowded and although there is work enough for everyone, the space is limited and the roof seems to be the only free place.

One of the biggest misfortunes of the rain is the fact that unfortunately the raincoat manufacturers are not as creative as they might be. Result: there is apt to be a slight mixup of raincoats and an assortment of dripping campers.

If the rain decides to put in an appearance at night, the evening activity will be changed to suit the weather; so all around, just remember, the rain is no great misfortune and your spirits need not be dampened just because the ground happens to be.

LUCY SILVAY
PATTIE WEINSTEIN

effects by Ben A. Applebaum



"Cleanliness is next to godliness." This well worn quote is applicable to many situations including, surprisingly enough, laundry day at Buck's Rock!

Instead of the usual calm that generally reigns over camp when the gong rings in the morning, on Thursday everything changes. Chaos and confusion reign supreme. For this is laundry day.

Several happy campers joyfully bounce out of bed, only to confront their bulging laundry bags decorating the floor in front of them. A thought races through everyone's mind simultaneously "to do or not to do the laundry—that is the question." And with the exception of a few laggards with no initiative or camp spirit, everyone resists the desire to go back to sleep. (Or do they?)

And then the morning's activities begin with cheerful conversations like these:

"Hey, will you get your horrid old socks off my bed?"
"Where the heck is the laundry bag? We hid it so well last week..."

"It seems it was laundry day only yesterday."
"Oh, I'm going back to sleep!"

It seems impossible that by the time the laundry truck arrives, thousands of socks have been assorted, hundreds of shirts and dungarees packaged, and all too many sheets and pillowcases have been piled up. This isn't as difficult as it appears - since socks are stuffed in pillowcases, pillowcases wrapped in sheets, and sheets gaily adorned with dungarees.

After this restful process, the campers go limping off to breakfast. But this does not end the pleasures of laundry day, for no sooner than laundry disappears, laundry returns!

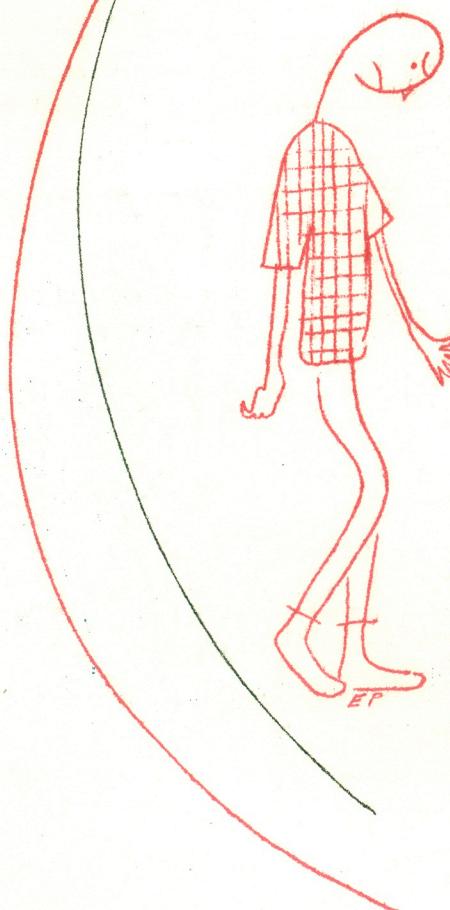
"Whaddaya know—only six packages this week!"
"Six packages! We can't even find one!"
"Anybody see 133—come on, help me look!"
"Oh, no--this is all boys' stuff."

And so the fresh clean-smelling laundry returns to its rightful owners (usually—or not so usually) and the thrills and pleasures of laundry day are over for another week!

LINDA BERWITZ
NANCY SPELMAN



the road

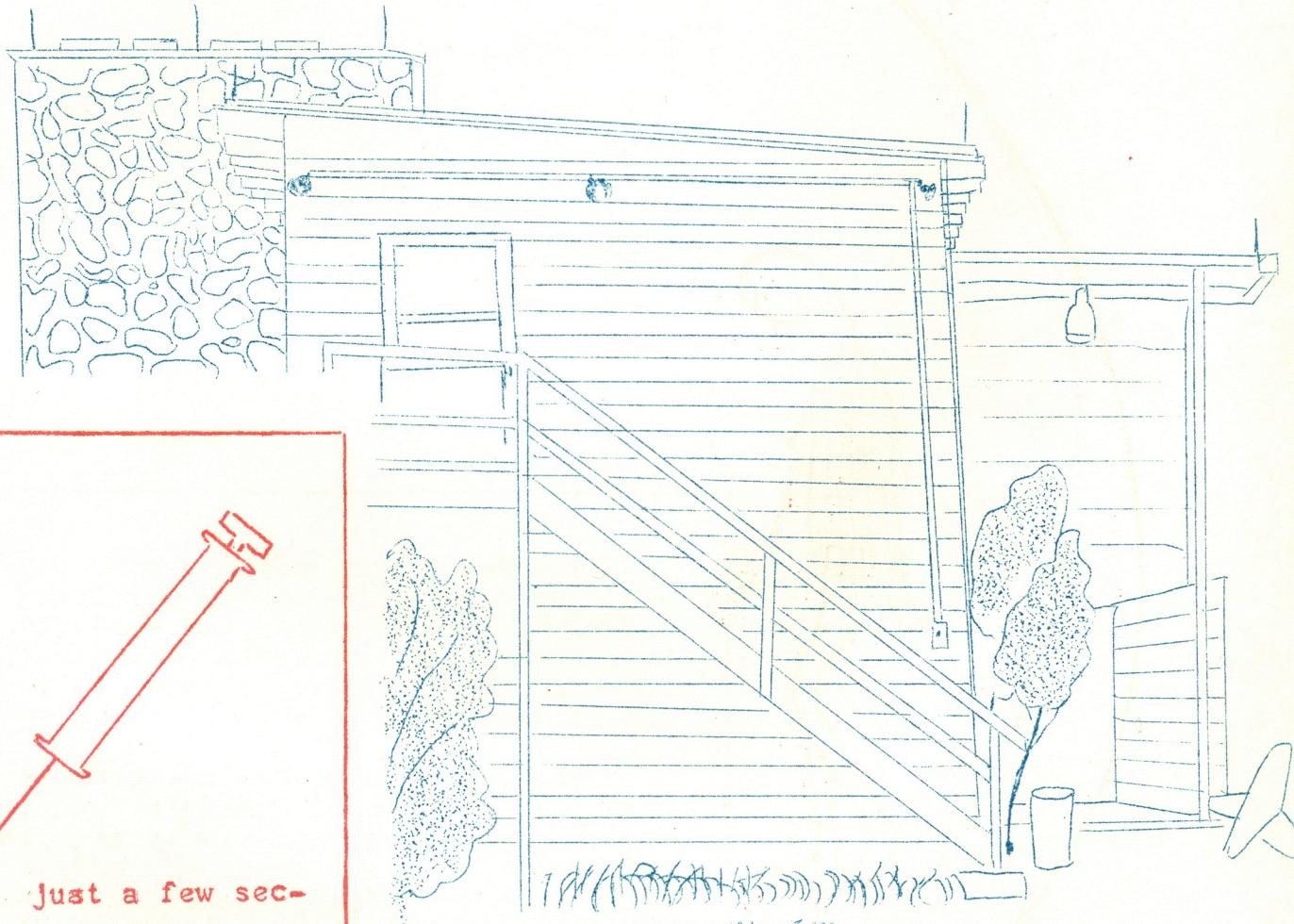


I stood there, with my eyes closed, yes, but seeing everything stretched out before me in a single taut strand. As this string of thoughts was stretched tighter and tighter, I knew that soon the string would break.

The road was level and straight before me. I knew I couldn't stop. I clenched my teeth and slowly started to walk down the misty road. My body trembled with an inner, instinctive fear. My life was whirling helplessly around in my head.

I came to a fork in the road. Oh, what to do? Turn back to happiness and what I'd known before, or continue steadily to.....to what? A quavering voice came dimly through the mist saying, "Over there." Blindly I made my way "over there." "It won't be long now," I said to myself. "It will come quickly now." And it did. It didn't take long at all. I stepped up with chattering, defiant teeth and scared, rippling nerves.



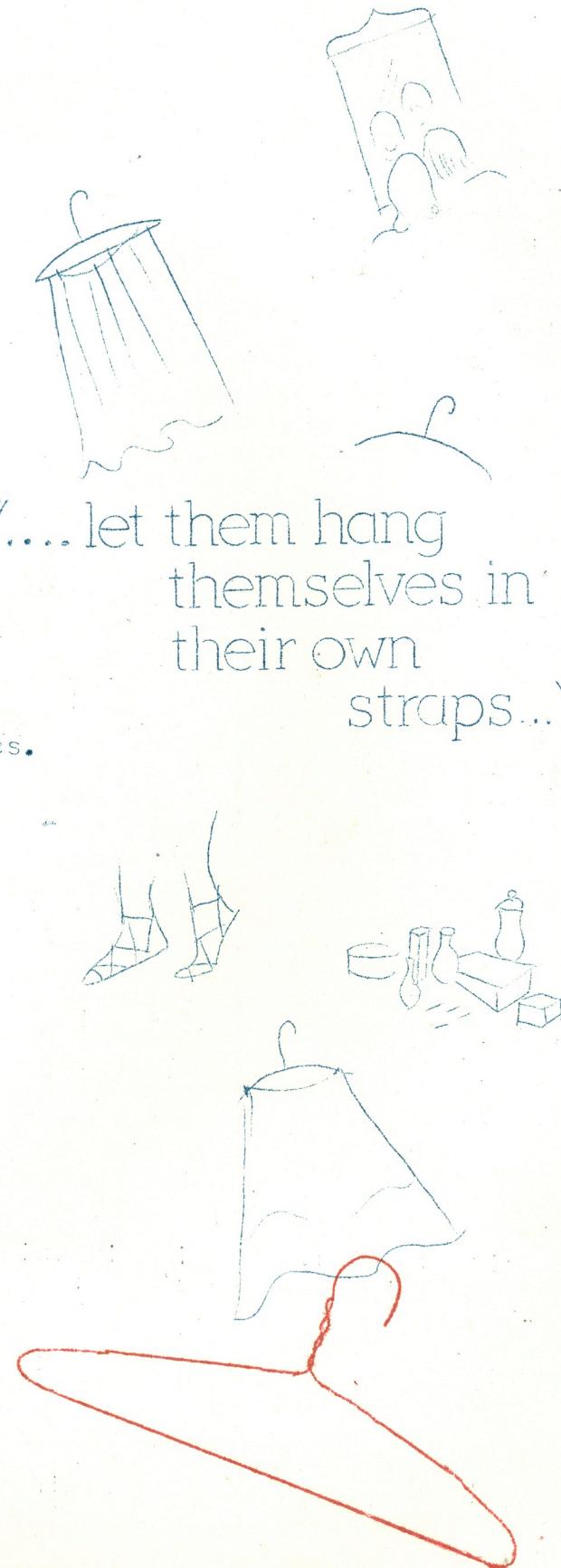


In just a few seconds, I smiled and walked steadily on with two new cc's of Gamma Globulin coursing happily through my blood stream.

EMMY PERL

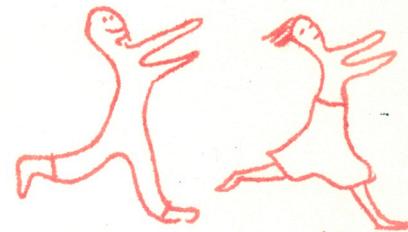
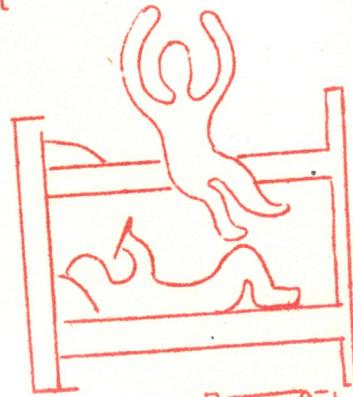
To all outward appearances
uninteresting and shabby
yet
teeming with life and excitement
inside.
Untidy and crowded
but
nevertheless inviting.
Window sills
overflowing with cosmetics
clothes of all sizes
and shapes
and colors.
This is community life:
Six bunks
each boasting four cramped beds.
Giddy girls
squealing at the unexpected approach
of masculine voices.
Feet scurrying
to and from the hall mirror
preparing for the evening activities.
Those same feet going
to and from the bathroom
long after
the curfew gong has sounded.
Conversation continuing
well into
the wee hours of the morning.
Joan (Sexy)
storming into the room
on her face a diabolical grin
"Get up, you birds!"
Or
Elsa (Fencey)
withdrawing you gently
from the land of Nod.
Racing
to reach the bathroom first.
Borrowing and lending
the day's apparel.
Then
rushing to catch second breakfast
and finally
going to the day's activities.
This
is the Girls' Annex.

"...let them hang
themselves in
their own
straps..."



JOAN BIRNE
ANN KASSNER
JANE LASHINS

"...men"



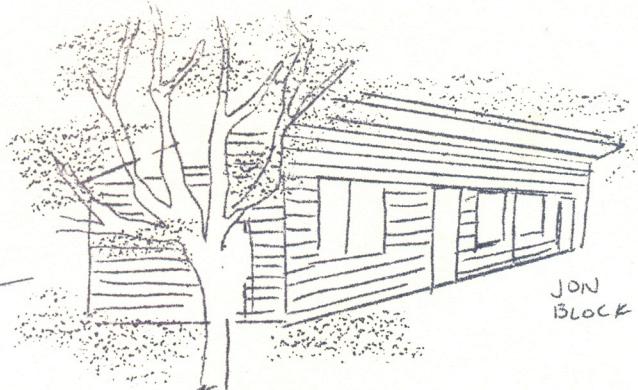
JOH BLOCK

Having lived in the Boy's Annex and its surrounding annexes for three years, I returned this year as one of the counselors of that infamous area of habitation down in the lowlands of Buck's Rock. There live twenty-eight boys, varying in age, dimension, and interest, but who all have one thing in common: to get as much out of their camp and their counselors as they can.

Every week the two tents of JC's and counselor rotate in waking up the boys; this entails turning on the lights in the six-bunk (we use no other tactics there, since they feel bold and mature enough to wake themselves up, after we have turned on the light and reminded them that they should start being mature), and marching through the Annex singing and throwing off covers. We are greeted by some with one fishy eye, by others with a growl, and by most with no response at all. When, however, the Annexers, tired out by their escapades of the previous evening, are awake enough so that they can start to examine themselves and admire their beautiful bodies, we feel that our morning job has been done, and we begin to strengthen ourselves for the tiring task ahead, after breakfast; checking them out.

When they have been dragged up to breakfast in more or less respectable habit, they nibble their food, cache away a dozen or so boxes of cereal for their own private collection, or make off with a carton or so of paper cups from the Social Hall bathroom.

Check-out follows, a process requiring much patience. We first look for sand in their beds, knowing that sand is unhealthy to sleep with. Finding some, we compare the bed with Jones Beach, they laugh, and find themselves remaking the striped bed, growling threats of future action. Checking their cubbies, we find ingenious methods of habitude camouflage: behind a neatly-hanging bathrobe, three pairs of bundled up, dusty shoes; in a neatly-wrapped towel, five "Horror" comics. If we escape check-out without a pillow fight, or the silent treatment for the rest of the day, we are fortunate, but the Annexers are a cheerful lot; they forget their grudges and by noontime they are perfectly willing for us to handle their mail and give it to them.



Our charges are active people; during the morning and afternoon, they work in all areas of camp activity. One Annexer had the greatest amount of hours on the farm; another turns out many drawings for the camp publications; others make the photo shop their area of concentration. We advise them on their love problems or become listeners to their accounts of their escapades. Though we have never checked their accuracy, they make fascinating stories.

Showers are not a popular scientific advancement with the Annex; the boys in sixty-five enjoy the pleasant aroma that surrounds their room; they are lucky: we do the check-out in their room fast.

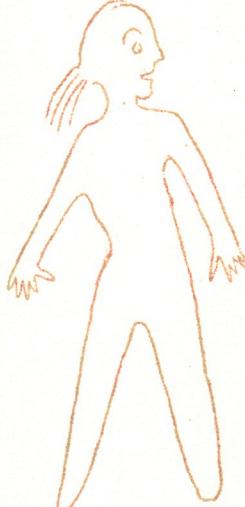
Rainy days in the Boy's Annex bring rivers of rain flowing down to the two houses. Ponchoed boys in rubbers slosh down to their bunks and try in vain to sweep the rivulets from their doors. They decide against fighting the river upstream and up the hill and settle down on the floor of their bunks to play cards, checkers, or throw knives at the door. The ambitious ones mop the water on the floor of the bathroom, others try to take showers amid the peeking of bunkmates, throwing of water-filled cups, and the unannounced entrances of members of the opposite sex.

They return at night, tired, bedraggled, and dirty, but with just enough energy left to prevent the other tent from getting them to bed early and the OD's from getting a decent night's sleep. The pitch of our voices in the bathroom often keeps them awake, they say; even with conclusively proven evidence to the contrary. This argument is a popular one. One is not well, he claims; he must come into the bathroom at ten o'clock to take his medicine; he has a hospital full. One always finds it imperative to visit us in our area of seclusion at exactly 11:13 each evening, and one thrills his friends in his bunk and the next with his ghost stories that last far into the night.

Finally the noise and the pillow fights and the stories and the talking stop and the lowlands of Buck's Rock drop off to sleep. The OD's cast a sleepy ear around the Annex for any noise that there still might be, and sleepily wash and go plodding down to the tent. The Annex sleeps.

"O! what men dare do..."





The Farmhouse consists of we juveniles, salamis, fruit, comics, candy, and a parakeet.

As you know, the Farmhouse is very near the animal farm which is very inconvenient. We wake up to the intriguing sound of the cow mooing her head off, and we fall asleep to the same music. The calves, pigs, // goats, ducks, and geese also have a part in the chorus. Poor Libby! We wonder how she feels.

The daily routine of walking up to breakfast is quite an effort, but we finally make it with the help of our counselors and feet.

Perhaps you have noticed most of the Farmhouse girls are horse crazy, or have a crush on "Red."

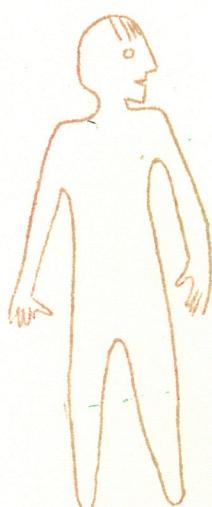
Our crazy arguments usually end with a giggle, a laugh, or a slap. Ah, sweet mystery of how to be good! How can you be good with such awful kids around?

Oh, and our dear counselors, what could we do without them? ----PLenty! Our counselors, Martha, Joan, Thea, and Ann are very considerate and help us a great deal. Living together is not such an easy job but there is so much we can learn from each other that the calm after the storm is very satisfying. We are sure all the girls living in the Farmhouse are proud to live there.

SUSAN HARRIS
SUSAN KOHN

...she
is
not
yet
so
old...

"strange bedfellows..."



The Boy's House (or down in the dumps, as some call it) is home this season, as usual, for boys from ten to fourteen years of age. The people that help run this house are very patient and understanding. They are Bergie and Adelaide, Yale and Helene, and Wally and George.

Contrary to the belief of some, you'd find out, if you lived there, that boys aren't really maniacs who run around yelling at 12 o'clock at night. They are really very nice, easy-going people.

When morning breaks and the gong starts ringing, all the boys are lazy and stay in bed till Bergie comes with a cup of cold water, yelling, "I'll give you five to get out of bed." During the day, the Boy's House is inhabited usually only by the cleaning lady, and sometimes by nobody. At night, some boys go directly to sleep, while others gather in one four-bunk to listen to the ball game or to classical or pop music. Then they go to sleep.

This building, styled after a college dorm, is what 44 boys call home. This is the Boy's House of Buck's Rock.

RICHARD SOSIS

"...do you not know I am a woman?"

It was eight o'clock that morning when I sat myself down in the Girl's House lounge. Gosh, it was quiet. Suddenly I heard a low moan from the wings. Out walked a sleepy-eyed girl with her hair up in pincurls, dragging a washcloth and towel. (What a mess!) Suddenly a loud shout was heard through the house. It was Dutch calling Ozzie and Lynn. They helped her drag the other girls out.

After quite a struggle with bedclothes and faces, everyone was ready. The girls ran out, and made breakfast by the skin of their teeth. Then I heard a loud yell from downstairs, "Male entering!" It was Jerry Pollen coming to practice the piano. All morning, the house was filled with delightful music.

After lunch, there was a great rush to the counselor's room for mail, and shouted exclamations of, "Yea, Joe wrote me," "Oh, it's about time I heard from her," and "None for me?"

Soon all was quiet. The girls had gone back to work. I then heard "Male entering!" again. In walked Les, with a troop of young actors and actresses. They had come in for tryouts. For the afternoon, I sat there listening to their anxious voices, "Gosh, I hope I make it."

Still expecting to hear feminine voices, I was very surprised when from the lounge I later heard the basses rehearsing. Finally, they left, and in came the kibitzers. Others brought guitars, books, and letters to be written. This was the lazy hour of the day. The girls were relaxing. Slowly they drifted out. Soon none were left. They had gone to supper.

Before I realized it, they were back, dolling up for evening activity. As I sat there, waiting for them to leave for evening activity, I discovered four love magazines. As I watched the girls talking excitedly, I wondered if they ever got tired.

Dutch with her swift kicks said goodnight to the remaining boys and came upstairs to hurry everyone along to bed.

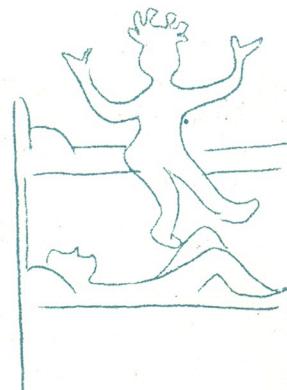
After every girl's teeth were fully brushed, their faces spic and span, and all the other doodling was over, they slowly climbed into bed. Lights were out now, but I thought I heard boxes open, and paper rattling. After much confusion, the sounds of hungry girls eating were quite obvious. Finally, they were through, and I quietly tiptoed through the wing. As I walked down the steps to leave, I could still hear the snores and whispers of girls..... The Girl's House girls of Buck's Rock!

SUE BERMAN
HEDY HARRIS

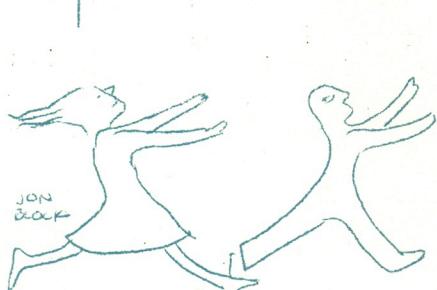


"...women"

"You're in one of the cabins." Our faces fell! After months of happy expectations of where our summer home would be, this is what we got! A cabin! Away from civilization! A hermit-summer! We picked up our suitcases and started the weary trudge down the hill to our new abode.



At our first glimpse, the cabin was the cleanest we were to see it all summer. But this was not to last for long. Soon our bunkmates came in, as disillusioned as we were. This made us feel slightly better. We sat down and then started the first of many long discussions to follow. Soon our traveling clothes were piled on the floor in what was to be the perpetual mess of the summer. We felt more at home.



Since that first day, life in the cabins has gone on with its usual rush and business. We'll never forget the satisfaction of hearing the wake-up gong as we lay in our warm, cozy beds and imagined the rest of the camp rushing busily about. We really had a distinct advantage living in cabins, where the counselors didn't get around to waking us until quite late. Or were we so lucky? We'll always remember the numerous times after lights-out that we would go gently stumbling over the rocks to the Annex to wash up. Naturally, no one had a flashlight. Such things were unheard of!

There were other joys to living in cabins. There were those many times when we felt like a wayside inn. Straggling campers and CIT's, weakened by hunger, were attracted to our cabin by the illusion that we had food. Late at night they came crawling into our cabins with outstretched hands. It was funny how we always found crumbs spread all over the floor in the morning. Funny--but nobody laughed.

Despite the hardships of cabin life, each moment actually added to our fun! From the early morning mishaps to the singing late at night - our camp experience was certainly unique! How we'll miss that good old cabin life!

JUDY LOCKER
NANCY SPELMAN

"...all honorable men..."

"What's up there?" -- "Who's up there?" -- or a strong "Do people really live up there?" are questions often asked by the innocent unknowing when they see the stairway leading up in the shop building. I would like to explain now that I let myself be pushed into writing this only in an attempt to prove that literate human beings live above the shops.

After the "What's . . ." came the "Who's up here?" which I now explain. A couple of pairs of shop counselors, a dramatics counselor, a few of the men on our kitchen staff, a few male CIT's, and several of the oldest boy campers compose all of the tenants over the shops.

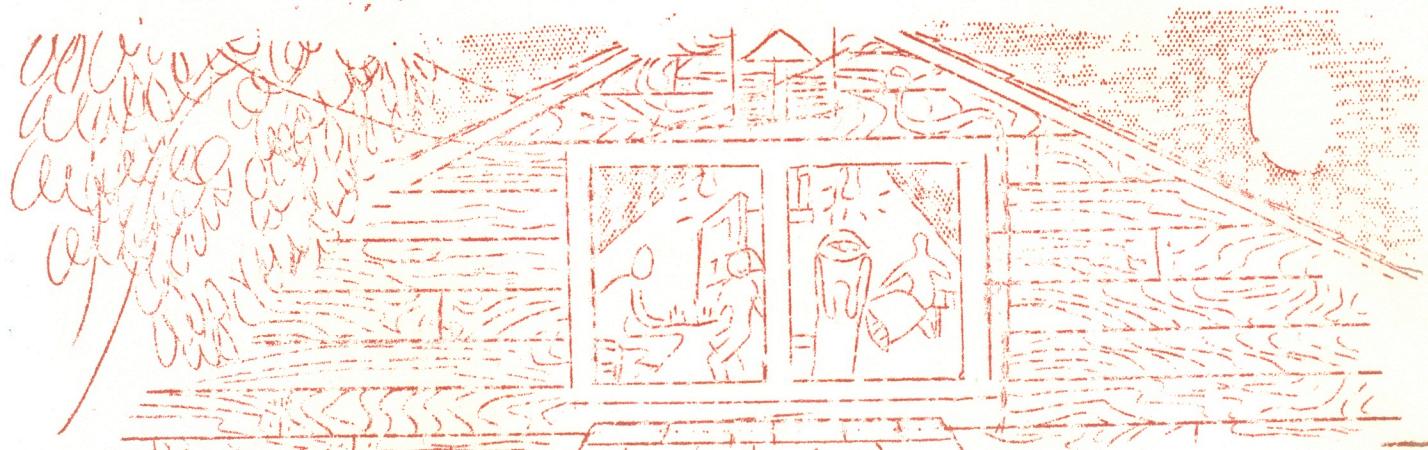
If the boys are asleep before midnight, the first signs of life are apparent at the first gong the next morning: everyone turns over in bed. Then, after first breakfast is nearly over, everybody looks up or sits up at the sound of Marty telling us expert sleepers that we should have gone to sleep earlier the night before. For variation, we occasionally hear Pete's vocal gong or Les's whistling of Reveille and his calling us "hudlums." We make our beds, after a fashion. In the shops there is no mad rush for the bathrooms, because we don't believe in them.

The first thing we all do after awakening is eating lunch. Even though we're up around eight, we're not awake for a few hours.

During the day, though the shops are hectic, above them is one of the most peaceful places in camp. Every so often occupants walk in to show the place to parents or others, to rest, to snoop, or to change a sweaty T shirt. The people who spend their nights in the shop building, during the day share all their time among: dramatics, vegetable farm, the various shops, softball, sports, music and all else that is offered at Buck's Rock. Late in the afternoon, when things taper off for a while, many are gathered in the bunk listening to a ball game, reading and writing letters, showering, changing clothing, and eating.

As Buck's Rockers know, a go-to-sleep gong rings, sometimes at nine-thirty, often later, and sometimes earlier, to let people catch up on lost sleep. 'Tis quite enigmatic for

some not to be fully awake until that bell tolls. I go to the bunk at night - into the room at the right, with the sloped ceiling, "With spikes that come down slowly" to do us "chronic overeager optimists" good! The sloping ceiling is not only amusing but also annoying. Those of us who have beds under the large diagonal section or are ever in that area, have at some time sat or stood up in a manner unbecoming the bunk room, and, as a result, have either pushed our heads through the ceiling, the ceiling through our heads, or done the same in a lesser degree (just knocked our head, or any other part of the anatomy which happened to be on top).



At night before we go to sleep, we sometimes hear clarinet music, or a near death rattle, or someone swearing at a deck of cards for not letting him win at solitaire, or Fred, who's gone out for no plays, but has done so much to further drama by rehearsing all the others in the bunk.

Towards the close of the day Marty has an attitude that's much different from the one he has in the mornings. We are encouraged by him to be in the bunk, in the pajamas, and in the bed, without the light. "Lights out!" is heard many times - from Pete, down the hall, from some (odd) OD, or from our next door shop fellows, who occasionally want to go to sleep.

In our room of feeble minds, there are blinking flash-lights when we're too energetic to go to sleep. Or else, as happened a few times, we may have a clay fight, a cheese fight, a dirty laundry fight on a Wednesday night (Thursday being laundry day), or a water fight, when someone isn't satisfied with things as they are.

On nights when we are all more pensive, there are discussions of profound subjects of the sort that could be used for creative writing. When we're even more intelligent, we go right to sleep till the call of the gong.

... dispense with trifles.



The gong rings. The twenty-four chimes mean get up. The sleepy CIT is very much aware of this. In fact, today it has a special significance because he is scheduled to serve first breakfast. One glance around assures him that his companions are still asleep. He pulls the blankets up over his head, and is just about to go back to sleep, when a picture appears in his mind. It's a picture of Av at the last meeting, and he is talking about what happens to naughty little CIT's when they don't come to serve meals.

Slight pangs of hunger, added to his guilty conscience, convince him that he might as well get up. With great determination the CIT pulls himself out of bed, puts on somebody else's clothes, runs to get washed, and then staggers up to the Social Hall. When he finally reaches it, all is quiet. The kitchen staff members are leisurely eating their own breakfast, and one looks up and says, "Come sit down and rest, you're fifteen minutes early."

It's Sunday night and the counselors are going to have their weekly meeting. The CIT is to be OD. He walks back from snack and heads toward the house where he is assigned. Tonight there will be no counselor to help him, so he and one other will have to control the whole group.

He tries to keep his mind blank but in spite of his efforts, he keeps thinking about what would happen if all the campers got together and massed an attack. He wouldn't have a chance. Then he remembers himself as a camper and the trouble he gave the OD's. He wishes he hadn't been such a wise guy and prays for forgiveness.

Slowly he approaches the house, and rather cautiously he enters it. The lights are on, the kids are screaming, and as he enters, they all crowd around him begging for food. Finally the poor CIT swears that he is carrying nothing edible and the campers once again fall into groups and continue talking. The counselor goes around, practically shoves them all into bed, turns out the lights, and leaves the CIT with the cheery words, "If they get really bad, just come up to the meeting and get me."

After the gong rings each evening the CIT's gravitate to the tennis court, where the lights have just been turned on. Most of them stand around in small groups telling jokes, complaining about the events of the day, or just talking. A few hardy souls attempt to organize a basketball game. Just beyond the range of the floodlights are the shadowy figures of wide-eyed campers, their tongues hanging out from hunger. It is a quiet, peaceful, and soothing scene.

Then, with a jolt and a bounce a loaded station wagon appears from behind the bushes and rolls jerkily down the hill. All of a sudden the place comes to life. The basketball game is forgotten, and the poor ball is left all alone. As if by a given signal the small group becomes one large shoving crowd. The campers on the sidelines lose their fears and join the pushing throng. Like vultures they descend upon the tray of sandwiches and the pitchers of bug juice that are being lifted out of the station wagon.

Once again it is peaceful and quiet. Small groups talk quietly and a basketball game is progressing slowly. A tray of torn and crumpled wax paper bags and some empty pitchers are lifted into a station wagon, which bumps and jerks up the hill and is lost behind the bushes. The people get tired and slowly drift away. Then the flood lights go off. CIT snack is over.

Here at Buck's Rock everyone goes to meetings. There are camp meetings, house meetings, shop meetings, farm meetings, important meetings, long meetings, but never any short meetings. The CIT's are no exception, they too have meetings. Immediately after CIT snack about once each week the now well-fed Counselors-in-Training shuffle out to the side porch of the Social Hall to discuss their common problems, feelings, and ideas.

Forty-four sleepy faces look drowsily up at Av and eighty-eight tired feet twist restlessly under the table. A pitcher of bug juice is passed around the table until the last bug has been squeezed out. Then the CIT's settle down into comfortable positions and prepare to hear about and talk about themselves. A quiet lull forms about the porch.

This continues for about two hours. Then the sudden shuffling of feet, scraping of chairs, and talking of people disturbs the quiet. In one second the whole atmosphere is broken. Pushing and shoving, the CIT's file out of the Social Hall. The meeting has ended.



THE FIREWORKS IN NEW MILFORD

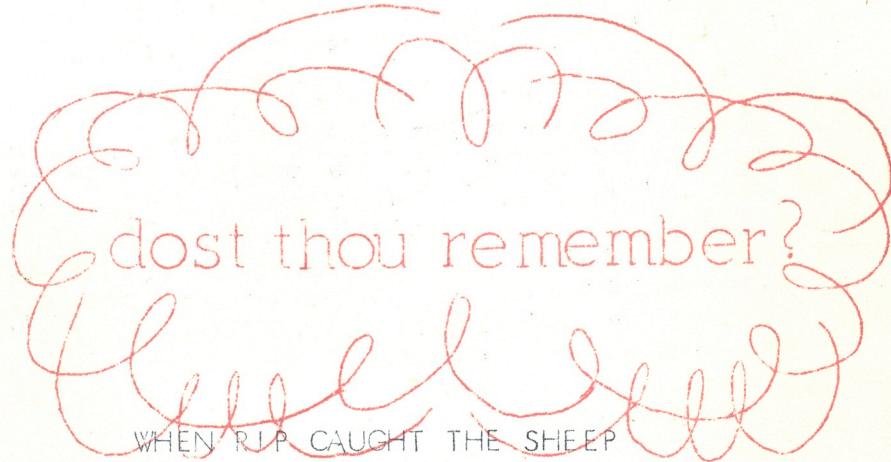
MUSIC IN THE KATZ BOWL

MICHAEL CONDUCTING

THE DAY CAMP GOT SHOT

THE PORCUPINE HUNT

THE MAIL CAN ONE
FIND NO NEVER
IN



DEBBY AND THE "HOLLOW MEN"

THE DAY THE STOVE WALKED IN ON PETE

WHEN TINY AND MIKE WON CONTESTS AT THE OLDE HOME FAIR ON THE GREEN

SEPPEL PERNER IN "THEIR VOICES RISE"

"STORM HITS CAMP WITH GALE FORCE;
BASEMENTS FLOODED; FARM DAMAGED"

THE MORNING WHEN THE GONG RANG ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR TIMES

WHEN WE ALL RAN TO THE FARM TO WATCH THE SPECIAL DELIVERY

THE BUCK'S ROCK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

THE BROADCAST ON WLCR

THE DEDICATION OF "AW NERTZ"

THE DAY THE PROJECTOR STOOD STILL

THE COLLATING OF THE YEARBOOK

THE FESTIVAL

and --

THE SAD LAST CAMPFIRE

festi val program

1:00-3:00	SHOPS EXHIBITION IN THE SOCIAL HALL
	FARM SELLING AND DISPLAYS ON THE MALL
1:30	DOG SHOW AT THE FENCING FIELD BEHIND GIRLS' ANNEX
2:30	PUPPET SHOW AT BADMINTON COURT NEAR BOYS' HOUSE
3:00	FENCING EXHIBITION AT BADMINTON COURT
3:30	SQUARE DANCE DEMONSTRATION AT BADMINTON COURT
4:00-5:30	CHORUS, ORCHESTRA AND DANCE RECITAL AT THE STAGE
5:30-7:30	SUPPER SERVED TO ALL AT THE DINING HALL
8:00-9:30	PLAY AT THE STAGE "THEY CAME TO A CITY" BY J.B. PRIESTLEY
9:30-11:00	SQUARE DANCING AT THE TENNIS COURT

sunday
august 22
1954

BUCKS ROCK WORK CAMP
NEW MILFORD, CONN.

Looking forward to
the summer.
HARRY ALLAN

Pre-pre-season
because it's very
peaceful.

JESS ADLER

Pre-season, because
it's the way Buck's
Rock was when I first
came here.
NANCY HIRSH

The weekends when all
the former Buck's
Rockers come up
to visit.

MERI SCHACHTER

What's your
favorite time
in the camp
season?

The week of July 18
because it's my
birthday.
PETER EUBEN

The middle, because
everything is under
way.

GINA AVERSA

The second week,
because people are
just getting to know
each other, and things
are just getting
under way.

DAVE JASEN

The day when we
go to the Litchfield
Horse Show.

MARILYN MARGULIES

The week before Fes-
tival, because we're
in preparation for
the peak of the summer.

LINDA BERVITZ

Coming back to visit
when I'm not working
at Buck's Rock.

BOB NOVEMBER

Just before the end
of the summer, because
knowing that the
season will soon
be over draws everyone
together.

JOAN O'ROURKE

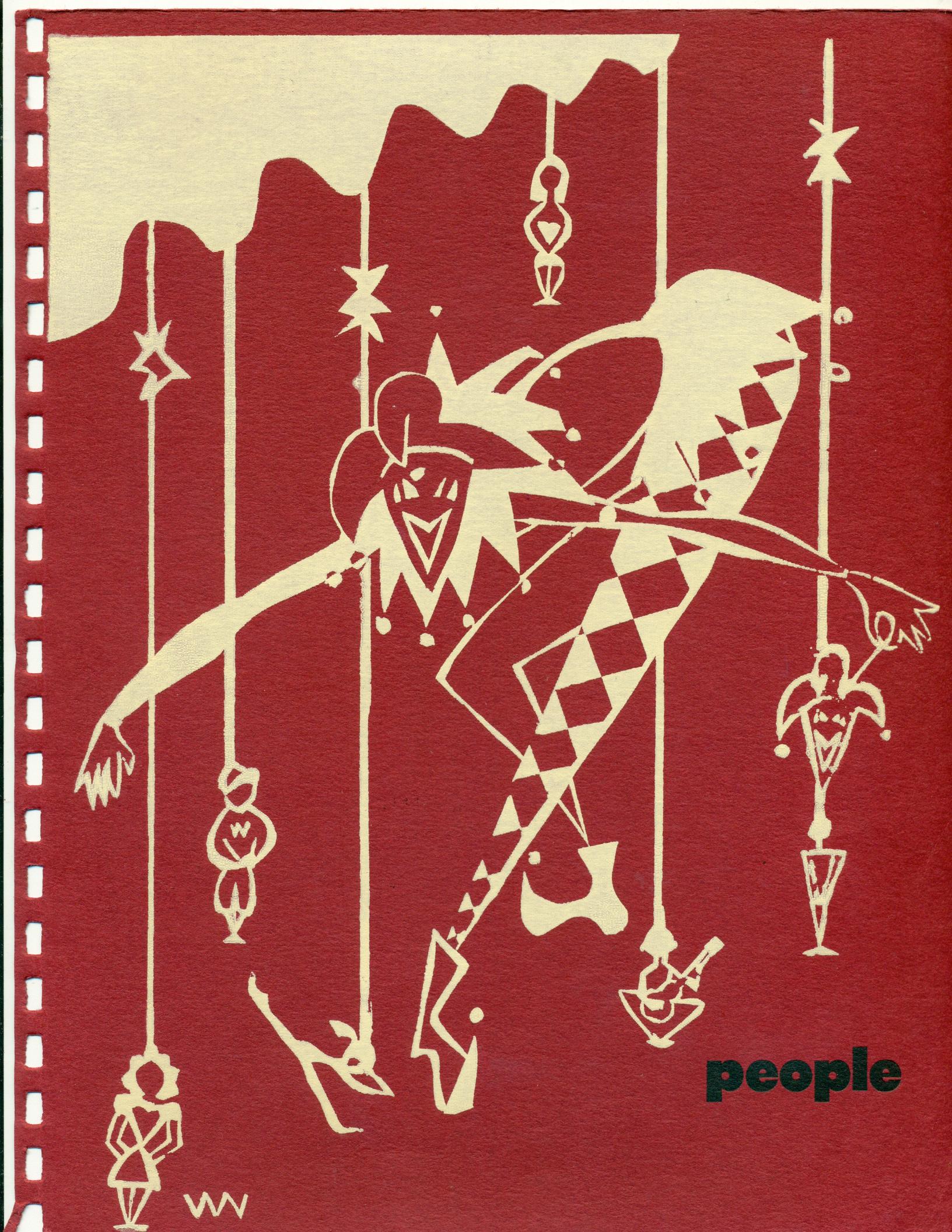
Postseason because no
one is around and
I hate people.

SUE LARSEN

All the time.

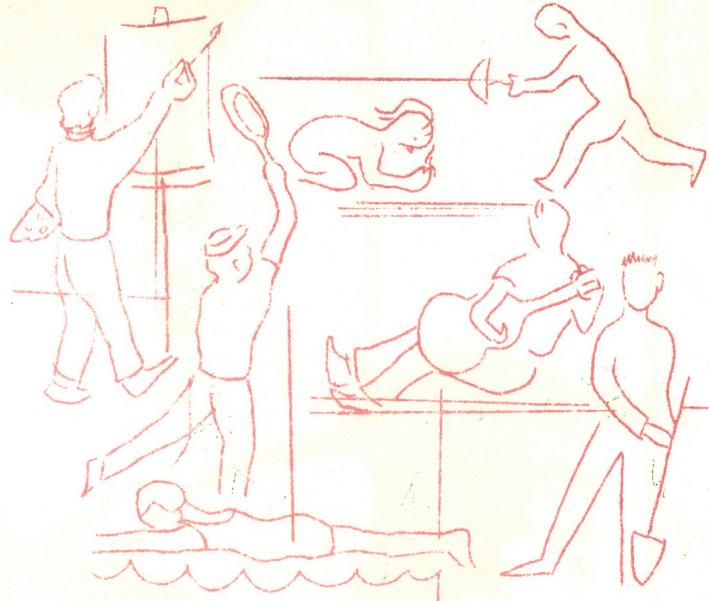
ART LAUFER

Autographs



people

What is the city but the people?
Coriolanus III, I



Running in and out of our everyday life were the friendships that we made, the faces that we grew accustomed to, and the people with whom we shared our daily experiences. We realize that these people were the ones that made our camp experience worthwhile. For our camp friends took the place of all the home life that we were accustomed to, and our camp friendships made an atmosphere in which we could do our work with enjoyment and in which we could look forward to a good time, after our work was over. Our evenings stand out as wonderful times when we got to know our friends and realized what talented and interesting people they are. Some we knew just through a friendly hello, while with others we formed deeper friendships, yet we shall miss all of them when the summer ends. We shall miss the little things that characterize each one of them, and we shall certainly want to see them again.



..... man in his time plays
many parts.....



from life by
Julia Werner



JANE CHONTOW
NANCY HIRSH
JOAN KINZER
SUE KUNHE IM
SUE LARSEN
DENISE LEVINSON
CAROL LEVY
SANDY MALEY
LORA NAGLES
MARGIE ROSE
RICKY SCHWEIG
RUTH STONE
CAROLYN WARNOW
JANET WEISS
VICKI WOLF

PAUL BLOCH
JOHN BYSTRYN
FRANK COHEN

an inhaler
a Michael of her own
the Kinzer report
a pegleg
co-ed stargazing
first breakfast
sold out
some clothes
folklore
a pitchpipe
a commuter's ticket to the infirmary
a stone of her own
s.s.
knee pads
a beau and arrow

love sets
a scalpel
a secret

We,
THE CAMPERS OF
BUCK'S ROCK,
1954, TO RE
MEMBER THOSE
WITH WHOM WE
HAVE WORKED
ALL YEAR, DO
LEAVE:

DAVID DOBKIN
PETER EUBEN
PETER GLASSGOLD
MARK GOLDSTEIN
STEVE GOLDSTEIN
MIKE GOODMAN
LARRY GREENBERG
MIKE GREENBERG
DICK ISRAEL
DAVID JASEN
VICTOR KLEIN
ART LAUFER
BERNARD LIEF
MIKE PHILIPS
STEVE POTTER
MUNRO ROSS
WARREN SCHERER
DICK SCHIFFER
STEVE SILVER
JERRY STOLLER
JON WALLACH
PETER WEISS
PETER YAMIN
"TINY" WISHNOFSKY
DAN WILE

my good will is
great though the gift
small

hitched to the shay
a French cookbook
at gun-point
fenced in
a striking pose
a poetic license
walking away
a backstage wife
punching his way out of a sleeping bag
mittens
chess-bored
Leicing his cello
the A.F. of AF
seonac
pottering around
a clean can
swinging on the art shop door
being our National Guardian
plated
mating
a laundry
glazing the Katz Bowl
reVOLTING
pie-faced
hot buttered women

DORIS ADLER	a sound-proof office
JESS ADLER	a jet plane
HARRY ALLAN	Lehrich's Rules of Order
SARA ALLAN	gong-proof earmuffs
RED BARDEN	a trophy room
ADELAIDE BERGEN	BERGing for her supper
BERGIE BERGEN	ADING up grandchildren
ALAN BLANK	a mute for his saxophone
SID BRIGHT	accounting for herself
BOB BRUSSEL	spats with spikes
STEVE BULOVA	a pick-up
PENI CENEDELLA	a crew cut
LES CHARLOW	CHicago as in CHophouse
ADAM CLYMER	a camera for EVE-ning shots
MORRIS COHEN	crazy mixed-up cakes
PETE COHEN	picking up his hammer and seeing
OSSANNA DAMBORAJIAN	swimming over the darn
ERIC EISENKLAM	a Tex for his Jinx
THEA FUCHS	godmother to sixty more hamsters
LES FERNANDES	more Fernandes
NAT FERNANDES	doin' what comes Natalie
AV FINK	CITting on the gong
STEVE FLEISCHER	(ho-hum) still shoveling
EMELYN GAROFOLO	squeening
PETER GAROFOLO	fever primitive Petes
KAREN GEIGER	a sheet factory
MARTHA GREENBAUM	a pony tail
PETE HALL	an appetite for his work
PETER JANSEN	a hand-painted cigar
DAVE KATZ	bowling
JEANNE KATZ	silly kittens
JIM LEHRICH	a point of order
RICHARD LEVY	opening his eyes
JOAN LITTLE	a delivery truck
BEA LOREN	BEAing herself
HAL LOREN	to Bea or not -----
DUTCH MAYER	in -----
GEORGE MICHILOFF	with the cutest smile in camp
JOAN O'ROURKE	racqueteering
WALLY PERNER	with his voice rising
PETE PETROCELLI	a car-proof wall
JERRY POLLEN	bumble boogie
HELENE RABINOWITZ	Harvard
YALE RABINOWITZ	a bearded bulldog
LIVVY RIDELL	LIVVing it up
LYNN ROBBINS	puppet love
BOB SCHNECK	colored polo shirts
ALEX STRASSER	two little children bright and gay
ANNA SURASKY	ace bandages
HANK SWEETBAUM	getting a horse
ELSA WALBURG	on the fence
ADELE WEISS	an alphabet composed only of W's and D's
MARTIN WEISS	tacked and mounted
GEORGE WEISZ	a word(because to a Weisz that's sufficient)
ANNE WIKLER	more girl JC's
JULIA WINSTON	fewer dummies

and to ERNST & ILSE BULOVA our thanks for a WONDERFUL summer

"...I can no other
answer make but
thanks and
thanks and ever..."

...@hanks

DOCTOR BARYSH

Our thanks to Doctor Barysh for his medical care this summer, for how can you enjoy yourself when your throat hurts or you have a bad case of poison ivy? We especially appreciate his long stint in administering Gamma Globulin to all of Buck's Rock.

ANNA and LIBBY

Keeping a campful of people healthy for two months and making them comfortable when they are sick is not an easy job, but Libby and Anna have done a hard job well.

PETE, HIS KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM STAFF

As we leave Buck's Rock this summer looking well fed, we extend our thanks to Pete and his staff for keeping us that way. We all appreciate the patience of Rusty and Patti in serving three hundred hungry and fussy people three times a day.

JESSE ADLER

Camp could not run smoothly without Jesse and his maintenance crew. They fix what is broken, unstuff what is stuffed up, and keep everything in good working order.

ADELAIDE BERGEN

Adelaide has the job of daily shopping in New Milford to fulfill campers's needs. And what a job it is! We all appreciate her care in filling our orders.

DORIS and SID

Running a canteen, keeping books and accounts--these are some of the jobs of the people in the office. Besides this they answer innumerable questions by innumerable people. We sometimes wonder how they keep their patience, but somehow Doris and Sid are always there and willing to help.

Sue Larsen



"...I have no
other but
a woman's
reason..."

a	WENDY ADLER GINA AVERSA	935 Park Avenue New York City 445 West 240 Street Riverdale, N.Y.	RE 4 3878 KI 6 0834
b	EMILY BARISH LYNN BARON RIMA BERG JUDY BERGMAN SUSAN BERMAN LINDA BERWITZ JOAN BIRNE BARBARA BLASS ANNE BLUMENFELD LINDA BRENNER JUDY BRISK FAIGA BRUSSEL JOANNA BULOVA	52 Charles Street New York City 14 69 Prospect Avenue Larchmont, N.Y. 63-30 Cromwell Crescent Rega Park 140 West 79 Street New York City 24 34 Richmond Road Rockville Centre, NY 138-19 - 78 Avenue Flushing, N.Y. 1311 Glenwood Road Brooklyn 4108 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 360 Riverside Drive New York City 25 1114 Prospect Avenue Melrose Park, Philadelphia 14825 - 89 Avenue Jamaica 35, N.Y. 133 West 3 Street New York City Prospect Place New Milford, Conn.	CH 7 3828 LA 2 2129 TW 7 6618 TR 7 5265 RO 4 5065 RE 9 5293 GE 4 5770 DE 2 3185 AC 2 2213 ME 5 0151 JA 3 7464 GR 7 8426 ELGIN 4 5169
c	ELENA CITKOWITZ CAROL COHEN MARCIA COHEN	5634 Mosholu Avenue Riverdale, N.Y. 3 Windsor Avenue Melrose Park, Phila. 14 West Moreland Drive Yonkers 5	KI 9 8717 ME 5 1541 BE 7 7607
d	JOYCE DANIN ELLA DOBKIN	652 Montgomery Street Brooklyn 25 2550 University Avenue Bronx 68	PR 8 5464 CY 5 4977
e	LOIS ENGELSON	2212 Lyon Avenue Bronx 61	TY 2 6080
f	ELLEN FABER RENEE FEINBERG MARJORY FIELDS PAULA FREIDIN LYNN FRIEDMAN	22 Carlton Road Great Neck, N.Y. 3846 Neptune Avenue Brooklyn 82-67 Austin Street Kew Gardens 597 Crown Street Brooklyn 13 27 Ridgeway Street Mount Vernon, N.Y.	GR 2 4902 ES 2 0412 VI 7 9890J PR 3 4660 MO 7 5722
g	JOAN GITLITZ LYNN GITLITZ ANITA GOLDBERG RUTH GOLDSTEIN PATRICIA GRONER	54 Joyce Road Tenafly, N.J. 54 Joyce Road Tenafly, N.J. 15 Chester Drive Great Neck, N.Y. 3009 Kingsbridge Terrace Bronx 63 320 West 87 Street New York City 24	ENGLEWOOD 3 5337 ENGLEWOOD 3 5337 GR 2 5187R KI 3 0395 TR 7 4803

h
HEDY HARRIS
SUSAN HARRIS
STEPHANIA HERMAN
WENDY HETKIN
JANE HIMBER
CAROL HOPPENFELD

Hillandale Road Port Chester
Mohegan Lake
1135 Waring Avenue Bronx 67
333 East 57 Street New York 22
2 Wendover Road Eastchester
200 Bennett Avenue New York

PO 5 1448
LA 3 4775
KI 7 7217
EL 5 2928
TU 3 1557
LO 8 1877

K
ANN KASSNER
NANCY KASSNER
ELLEN KLEIN
JANE KLEIN
JUDITH KLEIN
SUSAN KOHN
AMY KOVNER

75-23 196 Street Flushing 66
75-23 196 Street Flushing 66
Glengory Road Croton on Hudson
Glengory Road Croton on Hudson
66 East 196 Street Bronx 58
1225 Park Avenue New York 28
151 Central Park West New York

HO 4 4644
HO 4 4644
CR 1 4431
CR 1 4431
FO 7 1637
SA 2 6153
SC 4 5566

L
ELLEN LARSEN
JANE LASHINS
SUSAN LASHOWITZ
LINDA LAURETZ
NINA LEBOV
BARBARA LEEDS
JANE LEHMAN
ELLA LERMAN
MARCIA LEVY
SUSAN LEVY
JUDY LOCKER

18 Lynack Road Hawthorne, N.J.
Highland & Wendover Rds. Harrison
6 Washington Park Maplewood, N.J.
69-39 Yellowstone Blvd. Forest Hills
1619 East 23 Street Brooklyn 29
163 West 17 Street New York
151 Sperry Blvd. New Hyde Park, L.I.
55 Cooper Street New York City 34
444 Central Park West New York 25
188-50A 71 Crescent Flushing 65
299 East 10 Street New York 9

HA 7 4843
RY 7 3833
SO 3 3685
BO 3 7681
ES 7 6546
CH 2 0975
FT 2 7638
LG 7 2189
AC 2 7256
OL 8 3415
GR 5 4523

M
JANE MARCUS
MARILYN MARGULIES
HELEN MOSES
JUDY MUSIKANT

490 West End Avenue New York 24
7 West 81 Street New York
1575 Unionport Road Bronx 62
181 Crown Street Brooklyn

ET 2 3823
TR 7 9357
UT 3 6978
FR 2 3276

N
ELIZABETH NEWMAN

1949 McGraw Ave. Bronx 62

UN 3 3699

O
LYDIA ORENS

422 East 38 Street Patterson, N.J.

SH 2 8398

P
SUZANNE PANKIN
ISABEL PASSMAN
EMILY PERL
SUSAN PINES
SUSAN PLOSKY
PHYLLIS PORESKY

1441 53 Street Brooklyn
120 Gale Place Bronx 63
64-39 98 Street Forest Hills
1595 Unionport Rd. Bronx 62
131 East 66 Street New York
2615 Washington St. Allentown, Pa.

UL 1 6602
KI 3 0394
IL 9 5935
TA 2 0957
TR 9 4875
HE 2 8493

R
BARBARA RACOLIN
JUDY RAPPAPORT
AMY RASKIN
ISOBEL RASKIN
JOYCE RAYVID
KARLA RIBACK
BETSY ROBIN
JUDIE ROCKMORE
JANET ROSE
ELLEN ROSENBERG
DORIS ROSENTHAL
BARBARA ROSS
GLENNNA ROSS

98 Riverside Drive New York
98-15 65 Road Forest Hills
118 East 93 Street New York 28
118 East 93 Street New York 28
244 Primrose Avenue Mt. Vernon
70-33 137 Street Flushing 67
158 Hilton Avenue Hempstead, L.I.
400 East 49 Street New York
67-71 Yellowstone Blvd. Forest Hills
1 Hillside Road Bronxville 14
7944 Montgomery Ave. Phil. 17
3426 84 Street Jackson Heights
13 Continental Road Scarsdale, N.Y.

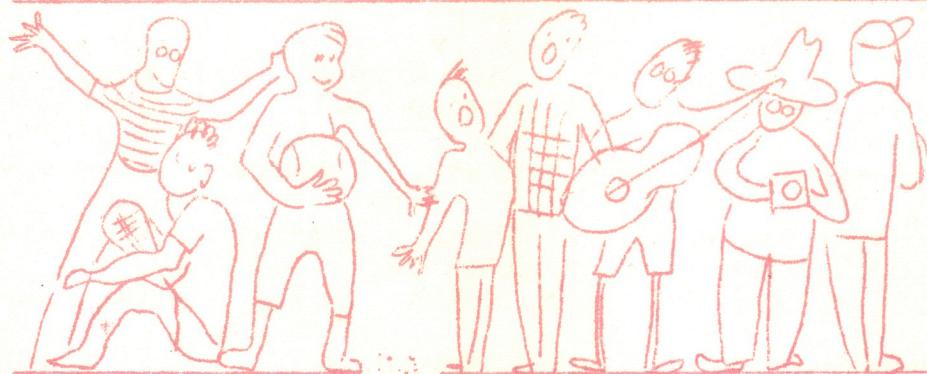
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AT 9 2791
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ME 5 2691
HA 9 6688
SC 5 1366

102

S	ANN SABOT MERI SCHACHTER GAIL SCHIFFER SUSAN SHULMAN LUCY SILVAY JULIETTE SIMON MOLLY SIMON FRANCES SINGER NANCY SPELMAN ANN STRONGIN MARY SUSSMAN	56 Vernon Avenue Mt. Vernon 38 Bank Street New York 14 1351 East 29 Street Brooklyn 17 9841 Queens Blvd. Forest Hills 237 East 81 Street New York 28 267 Hempstead Ave. Rockville Center 709 Webster Avenue New Rochelle 99-58-66 Ave. Forest Hills 370 Central Park West New York 25 135 Eastern Pkwy. Brooklyn 38 29 Washington Square New York 11	MO 8 8520 CH 3 3941 ES 7 0925 TW 7 0777 BU 8 7426 RO 6 1432 ME 6 6659 IL 9 6864 RI 9 4205 ST 3 1834 GR 5 8242
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V	JANE VICTOR	3508 Kings College Pl. Bronx 67	KI 7 9225
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W	SUSAN WALERNSTEIN MARJORIE WEIL PAT WEILL JACKI WEINSTEIN PAT WEINSTEIN JUDY WEISS JULIA WERNER ELEANOR WILE ELEANOR WOLF GRACE WOLFE	1031 East 17 Street Brooklyn 30 7931 Park Ave. Philadelphia 17 1185 Park Avenue New York 28 65-44 Saunders Street Forest Hills 450 East 63 Street New York 21 1520 Archer Road Bronx 1130 Sherman Avenue Bronx 74 Burton Avenue Woodmere 81 Barnes Road Tarrytown 2206 Quentin Rd. Brooklyn 29	ES 7 2655 ME 5 2505 FI 8 6014 IL 9 0201 TE 8 3597 UN 3 3047 JE 6 4348 FR 4 3206 TA 4 0871 DE 9 1692
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....let him
pass for
a man...

a	RICHARD ADELAAR EUGENE ADLER DAVID ALLEN BENJAMIN APFELBAUM	6 West 77 Street New York 24 606 W. Upsal St. Philadelphia 19 813 East 51 St. Brooklyn 3 717 Webster Ave. New Rochelle	SC 4 119 GE 8 037 IN 9 1466 ME 6 4666
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b	PETER BAY MICHAEL BAKER MICHAEL BENDER HENRY BERG ROBERT BLANK JON BLOCK MICHAEL BLONSTEIN NORMAN BRETTSCHEIDER	527 West 116 New York 25 241 Stratford Rd. Brooklyn Genesee Trail Harrison N.Y. 75-04 184 Street Flushing 99-55 65 Ave. Forest Hills 1710 Avenue H Brooklyn 30 67-76 Booth St. Forest Hills 2734 Bainbridge Ave. Bronx	AC 2 4228 BU 4 7019 HA 8 2957 JA 3 0440 IL 9 6537 GE 4 7776 TW 6 3715 CY 5 8143
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C	STEVEN CADES BRUCE CAHN ALAN COHEN LAURIE COHEN SELVYN COHEN	544 W. Hortter Str. Philadelphia 265 St. John's Pl. Yonkers 4 N.Y. 73-52 136 Street Flushing 70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale N.Y. 1187 East 214 St. Bronx 69	VI 4 9187 YO 8 7314 BO 3 7939 SC 3 7789 OL 2 6045
D	RONALD DANZIG TERRY DAVIDSON CHARLES DIAMOND ROY DUBOFF STUART DUBOFF	553 Rochelle Terrace Pelham Manor N.Y. 1192 Park Avenue New York 28 2648 Lenape Rd. Philadelphia 31 137-14 Francis Blvd. Laurelton, N.Y. 137-14 Francis Blvd. Laurelton, N.Y.	PE 8 3739 SA 2 8353 TR 7 4700 LA 8 8448 LA 8 8448
f	NEIL FISCHBEIN ROBERT FREEDMAN	975 Walton Avenue Bronx 1014 W. Hortter St. Philadelphia	SE 7 5937 VI 4 8834
G	MARTIN GANZGLASS PAUL GAYNES SETH GOLDSTEIN STANLEY GOTTLIES BILL GREENE	2825 Webb Avenue Bronx 68 73-36 185 St. Flushing 61 Bon Air Avenue New Rochelle N.Y. 665 Ocean Parkway Brooklyn 33 Vaughn Avenue New Rochelle N.Y.	KI 3 4408 AX 7 7751 NE 6 5928 GE 5 0198 NE 6 6726
h	JOHN HACK IRA HAINICK STEPHEN HELLER PAUL HERSH	85 Strong Street Bronx 68 9424 Avenue B Brooklyn 36 561 Springdale Ave. East Orange N.J. 55 Vernon Place Mt. Vernon N.Y.	KI 6 3058 HY 5 0506 OR 2 1537 MO 7 3363
	DAVID ISRAEL	184-48 Grand Central Pkwy. Jamaica	JA 6 2306
J	MICHAEL JACOBS LOUIS JAGERMAN PETER JASEN	184-52 Grand Central Pkwy. Jamaica 602 Wescott St. Syracuse 10, N.Y. 225 E. Penn St. Long Beach N.Y.	OL 8 4107 LO 6 0325
K	JONATHAN KAGAN MARVIN KARP PETER KASDAN STEPHEN KAYE ROBERT KEHLMAN ALFRED KOENIG RICHARD KOHN JON KUNHEIM	293 Prospect Ave. Mt. Vernon N.Y. 3540 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 730 East 9 St. Brooklyn 30 2400 Sedgwick Ave. Bronx 68 2432 Ocean Ave. Brooklyn 29 57 Montgomery Place Brooklyn 15 1225 Park Avenue New York 28 500 West End Ave. New York	MO 8 4157 CL 8 1042 GE 4 8339 CY 5 6104 DE 9 2018 MA 2 7527 SA 2 6153 TR 7 3999
	RALPH LEHMAN RICHARD LEE SETH LEIBLER FRED LEOPOLD ARTHUR LINDO MARTIN LOWY MARTIN LURIE	151 Sperry Blvd. New Hyde Park, N.Y. 192 Lincoln Place Tuckahoe 7, N.Y. 611 Empire Blvd. Brooklyn 13 945 Cedar Lane Woodmere, N.Y. 353 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 4506 Henry Hudson Pkwy. Bronx 71 390 West End Ave. New York 27	FL 2 7638 WO 1 8647 SL 6 5439 FR 4 0368 BU 4 8457 KI 8 0407 SC 4 1683

and even more...



M	TED MAKLER DANNY MAIZELL GEORGE MARCUS ANTHONY MEISEL IRA MILLER BARRY MUSIKANT	2 Horatio St. New York 64-32 228 St. Bayside, N.Y. 18 Huntington Drive Yonkers, N.Y. Veterans Hospital Fort Howard, Md. 386 Kosciusko St. Brooklyn 181 Crown St. Brooklyn	CH 2 5930 BA 5 0979 BE 7 6903 SP 7 53M PR 2 3276
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P	DAVID PINES DANNY PORESKY TERRY PRAGER	1595 Unionport Road Bronx 62 2615 Washington St. Allentown, Pa. 875 Fifth Avenue New York 21	TA 2 0957 HE 2 8493 RE 4 4782
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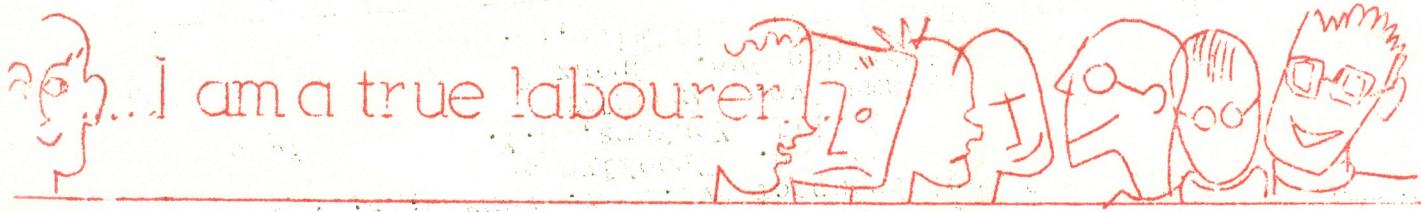
R	DON RASKIN BENJAMIN RIFKIN PAUL ROSENBERG RICHARD ROSENOW PETER ROSENOW	136 East 64 Street New York 21 3835 Bailey Ave. New York 63 400 Lantana Avenue Englewood, N.J. 2641 Marion Avenue Bronx 58 2641 Marion Avenue Bronx 58	TE 8 8953 KI 8 0828 EN 3 5910 FO 5 8885 FO 5 8885
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S	DAVID SCHACHTER ARTHUR SCHWARTZ JAY SCHWEITZER MURRAY SEIDEL ANDREW SIEGEL ARTHUR SIEGEL SAM SIEGEL NORMAN SIERADSKY FREDERICK SIMON MARTIN SKLAR RICHARD SOSIS LEONARD STONE	38 Bank St. New York 14 334 East 36 St. Patterson, N.J. 262 Central Park West 7915 Montgomery St. Philadelphia 17 465 West 23 St. New York 322 West 72 St. New York 55 Ehrbar Avenue Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 275 East Beach St. Long Beach, N.Y. 44 East 67 St. New York 21 75-31 189 St. Flushing 66, N.Y. 1520 Archer Road Bronx 62 120 Chancellor Ave. Newark 8, N.J.	CH 3 3941 SH 2 3404 SU 7 0187 ME 5 2270 CH 3 4031 TR 7 2892 MO 8 7363 LO 6 3571 RE 7 6033 HO 5 7574 TY 2 7606 WA 3 7793
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T	WALTER TILLOW RICHARD TRAUM	1848 Guerlain St. Bronx 60 200 West 86 St. New York	TA 2 5729 EN 2 7047
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W	BARRY WACHTEL ROBERT WALTERS SETH WEINBERGER EDWARD WEISMAN PETER WEISS JULEON WINSTON LEWIS WISHNOFSKY RICHARD WOLF STUART WURTZEL	1572 East 26 St. Brooklyn 29 83 Woodmere Blvd. Woodmere, N.Y. 22 Beach Ave. Larchmont, N.Y. 460 East Prospect Ave. Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 1212 Glenwood Rd. Brooklyn 30 48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers, N.Y. 615 Williams Ave. Brooklyn 2705 Bainbridge Ave. Bronx 58 251 Conklin Ave. Hillside, N.J.	CL 8 1004 FR 4 0618 LA 2 1380 MO 7 6632 GE 4 3420 YO 3 7417 DI 5 0090 SE 3 6406 WA 3 7430
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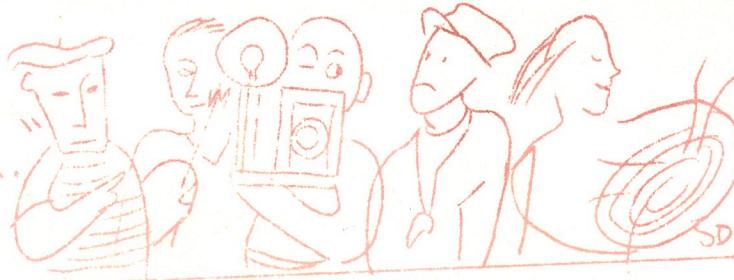
Z	GEORGE ZANNOS MILLARD ZUCKER	65 Lincoln Blvd. Long Beach, N.Y. 4535 Livingstone Ave. Riverdale 71	KI 8 4093
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JANE CHONTOW 208 Evendale Rd. Scarsdale SC 3 8306
 NANCY HIRSH 327 Beechmont Dr. New Rochelle, N.Y. NE 2 3866
 JOAN KINZER 140-8 Ave. Brooklyn 15 NE 8 7050
 SUE KONHEIM 500 West End Avenue New York TR 7 3999
 SUE LARSEN 18 Lynack Rd. Hawthorne, N.J. HA 7 4843
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 LORA NAIGLES 48 Seneca Ave. Tuckahoe, N.Y. SP 9 4815
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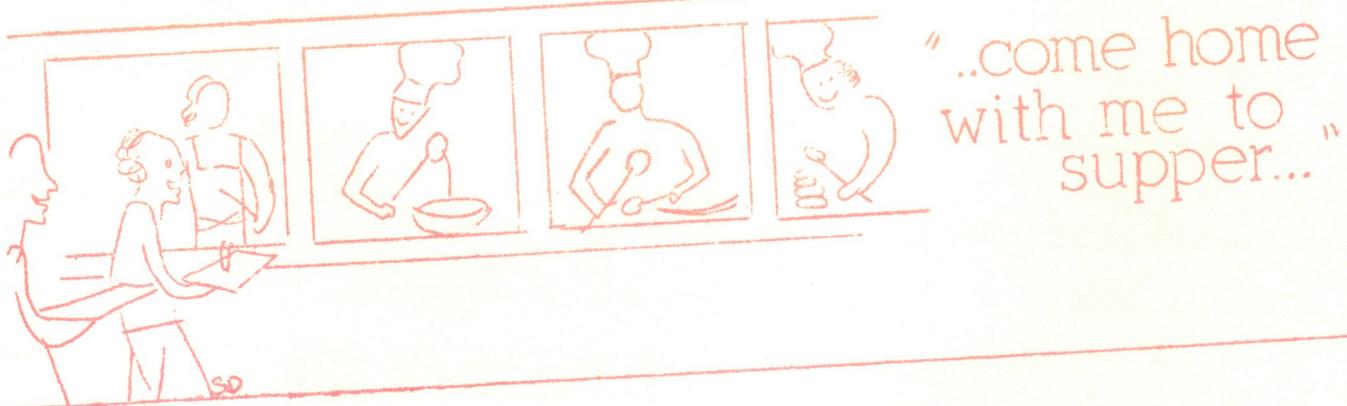
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We wish to apologize to the following people who worked on the Yearbook whose names were left off the staff: George Marcus, Peter Rosenow, Jane Victor, and Richard Wolf.

Comedy of errors

Where by-lines and drawing credits have been omitted, credit is due to the following:

George Marcus	Shop Map
Emmy Perl	Weaving Shop
Ann Sabot	Art Shop
Merv Schachter	Cheekboarder
Stu Duboff	Ceramics Porch drawing
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While working in the print shop to publish this 120-page book, we have naturally made mistakes. We hope that you will overlook the typographical errors, the upside-down pages, the illegible corrections, the faint print, and the many other mistakes that we were too rushed and too tired to notice. We hope that you, thinking of this Yearbook as a review of the summer of 1954, will forget about our mistakes and keep and treasure and remember -- "Buck's Rock--As You Like It."

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The clump of footsteps
Typewriters clacking away
Like old women gossiping.
Heads buried over typewriters,
The hands turning out
A yearbook for the camp.

cit's

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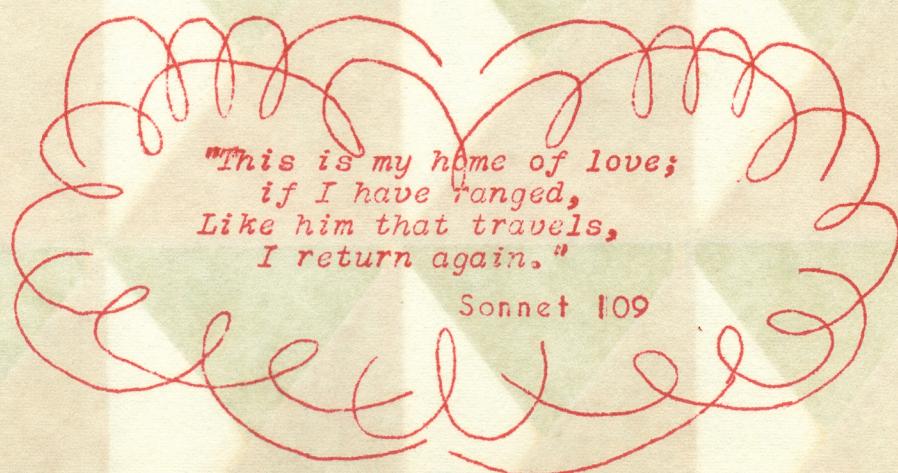
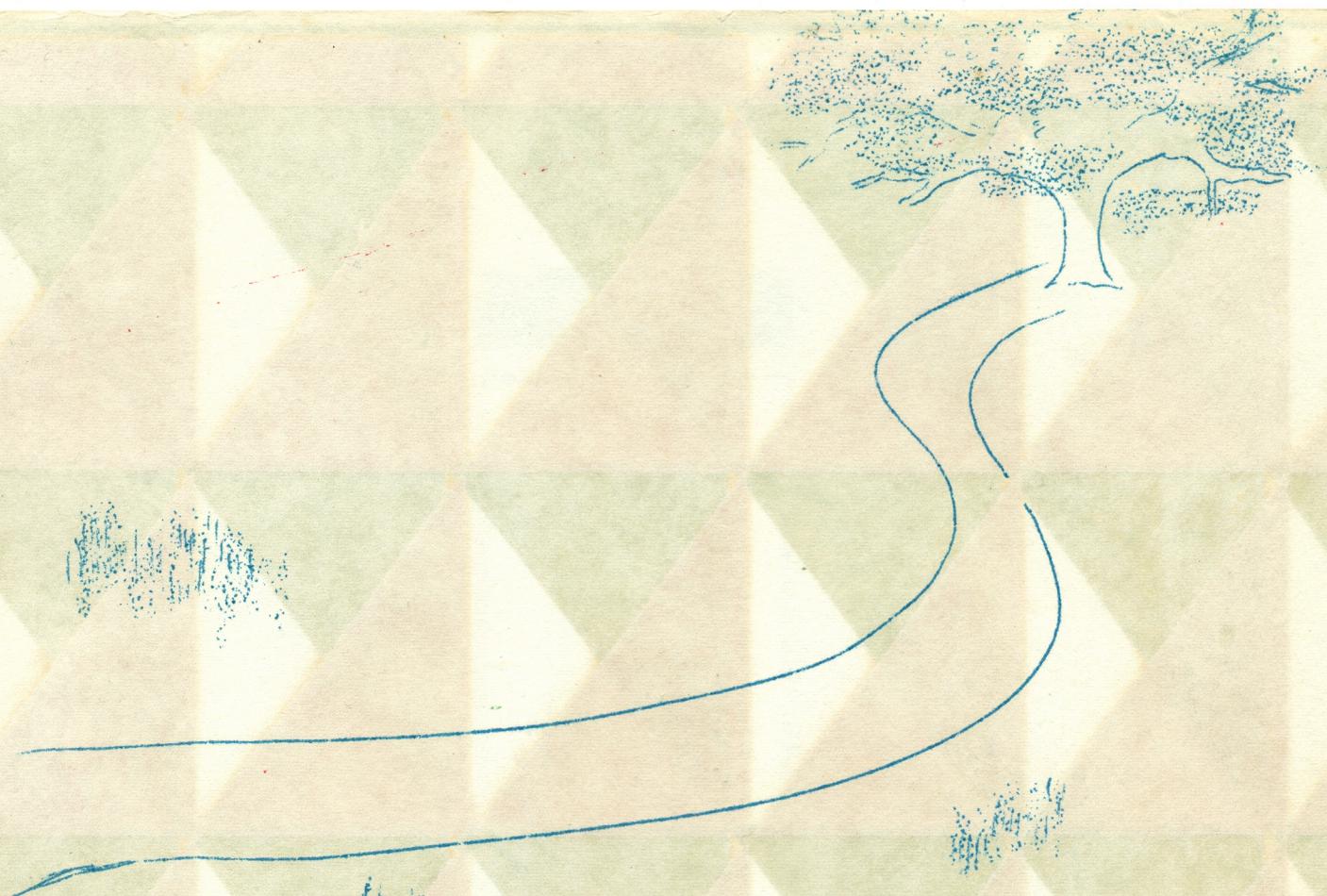
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Q

You think back over the summer and wonder how it could have passed so quickly. You think of the cool swims and the scorching days, but they all seem to merge. Gone are the endless hours in the sun. Now they are but a glimpse, and you wonder why you remember them as being so hot. You think of the many little conversations and the movements that got to be routine during the summer, such as the trip to breakfast every morning. You think of the hours that you spent in the shops, and you glance at the wooden bowl or painting that you have made and wonder why you didn't do more. You think of the sights you have grown accustomed to: the long line for dinner, the trucks winding up the bumpy road to camp, and Ernie making announcements at meals. Although the camp season has passed so quickly, it has made a lasting impression. You will always remember your wonderful days at Buck's Rock in '54.



*"This is my home of love;
if I have ranged,
Like him that travels,
I return again."*

Sonnet 109

